F O R U M

and Century

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Galahads of Tomorrow

Editorial Foreword

THE COST of crime in the United States today is still as high as the cost of education. The greater part of our crime bill is caused by juveniles of school age and young people in their 'teens and twenties. In 1937, 520,153 persons were arrested in this supposedly enlightened democracy for crimes serious enough to warrant sending their fingerprints to Washington. Fifty-two per cent of these were under 30 years of age, and 18 per cent under 21. Of the 220,000 persons in penal custody, 35,000 were juveniles under 17 years old.

The pride of our public schools and our high standard of family living are indeed a hollow mockery if they cannot breed in the youth of the land a minimum of respect for conduct within the law. The danger of our youth is not that it is turning from democracy to either communism or fascism. Anarchy is a fairer description of the state of American youth today.

The New Jersey Juvenile Delinquency Commission has just issued a careful and exact survey of crime statistics for that indicative State. It finds the number of arrests to be greatest in the 5 years from the age of 16 to the age of 20, second in the age group from 21 to 24, and third in the years from 25 to 30. More persons were arrested on all charges at the age of 21 than at any other age. But most alarming of all is the astonishing discovery that the highest percentage of arrests for offenses classified as "serious" does not occur among seasoned criminals in their forties but among children aged 16. "Persons sixteen years of age are arrested in greater proportional number for *serious* offences than any other single age year."

SLUMS BREED CRIME

THE NEW JERSEY Commission has questioned hundreds of delinquent youths themselves as to the cause of their trouble. Poverty is offered as the chief excuse for evil ways, and "bad companions" is second. Parents are seldom censured. In 1,778 answers to the question, *Where did you get your ideas as to how to do these things?* other boys were blamed by 939, the movies by 262, and the newspapers by 161.

For the fundamental causes of youthful crime in the United States we must turn, of course, from the testimony of victims to more objective surveys. Heredity is not as important a factor as many Americans suppose. The highest percentage of crime is among not foreign-born groups but those of early American stock. The error of hasty generalizations is revealed in the recent exacting study, *New Light on Delinquency*, edited for Yale University by Dr. William Healey. In clinical terms, delinquency takes one of three forms: "an evasive, substitutive, or compensatory form of

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behavior. . . . Delinquency is a symptom, a symptom of some personal or social maladjustment." Mental therapy is required, just as in disease. It can be administered by a physician, a parent, or a friend.

By and large, poor environment is the chief breeder of moral turpitude. There are some 17,000,000 boys in the nation, and 3,000,000 of them live their most impressionable hours on the pavements and in the refuse lots of congested cities. Social squalor is the festering ground of criminals.

What is to be done about it in a big way? Appeal to the family is questionable in this era when the mother is so often absent from the house. Nor can the public schools handle the problem. Teachers have to sift from the increasing variety of new facts, as well as from traditional learning, a vast body of information to be planted in the minds of youth; that leaves them no time for the personal attention to the child which is necessary to build up character; and even the old reading of precepts from sacred literature is now largely prohibited in the schools.

Must youth then be given over to the government, to be regimented as in Germany and in Russia? That is not the democratic way. Another answer is, of course: better the environment — and that, happily, is being done. But slum clearance will require many years, whereas, for youth, an immediate emergency exists. The most practical way to handle that emergency is through voluntary organizations which aim in a democratic way to employ the leisure time of our youngsters.

A bright side of the picture is indeed revealed in the *Directory of Youth Organizations* recently compiled by the National Youth Administration. In this catalogue we learn that the Order of Demolay, an organization for character building sponsored by the Freemasons, claims 1,000,000 young people. Another 1,000,000 farmers' sons and daughters practice the virtues of "head, heart, hands, and health" as members of the 4-H Clubs. The Y.M.C.A. — an organization that is severely criticized in an article in this issue of THE FORUM — still has more than 1,000,000 members. The Path Finders of America, 250,000 strong, with membership in reformatories as well as schools, also emphasize right living. These are but a few shining examples of the 300 private organizations now dealing with youth in a nationwide way.

Two government units are also serving the emergency in a constructive manner that is a model to all private endeavor. The Civilian Conservation Corps maintains a high morale among the 250,000 lads who carry on the conservation program of the nation. And the National Youth Administration itself is supplying educational aid or part-time projects for 500,000 young men and women, as recently described in that invigorating book, *A New Deal for Youth*, by Betty and Ernest K. Lindley.

When one sees along some woodland trail the sweating, honest faces of a group of the Boy Scouts of America, each boy self-reliant and eager to do an act of kindness, and hears that they are now 1,087,557 strong, one wonders how juvenile crime can exist in America at all. The answer is that each Boy Scout is but one out of 17 American boys and that, usually, he comes, if not from an overprivileged, then from a privileged, home.

BOYS' CLUBS OF AMERICA

CHARACTER BUILDING must be carried by other organizations to the underprivileged. This is now being done effectively in New York and some other cities by the police athletic clubs. Boys are taught that it is pleasanter to become the pals rather than the prey of the police. Some say crime prevention is not a proper occupation for the police. But, when it succeeds, we say carry on.

Probably the most aggressive and scientific mass attack on juvenile delinquency is that of the Boys' Clubs of America, Inc. This organization, with its 330 clubs and 300,000 members, is co-ordinating in every city the work of the independent boys' clubs that reach boys not usually drawn into the Scout movement. Its executive director, Sanford Bates, is one of the nation's most eminent penologists.

All power to the Boys' Clubs and all other groups of citizens who organize to bring to American youths what will give the nation greater service than any book learning! That is character.

Henry Goddard Leach

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What's Wrong with the Y.M.C.A.?

by **JAMES V. TAYLOR**

GEORGE WILLIAMS, a highly moral young draper's clerk, in London, had a vision. Himself a poor farmer boy who had come to the city to make his fortune, he perceived in the aimlessness of youth, adrift in the wicked metropolis, a gradual disintegration of individual character and the seeds of national calamity. The result was the first Young Men's Christian Association, founded in 1844, which had for its modest object "the improvement of the spiritual condition of young men in the drapery and other trades, by the introduction of religious services among them." Fundamentally, it was no more than the extension of the evangelistic and inspirational activities of the church to youth, in a day and age when the fox-hunting parson and the absentee rector paid them scant notice. But the devout founder must have been astonished by the forces of world conscience which he served to set in motion.

It was a ripe moment for some organized effort on behalf of youth. By the middle of the last century, the drift of young men to the cities was disturbing thinking people everywhere. On the perplexed leaders of Protestant Christianity, consequently, the ingenuousness of the Williams experiment burst with all the spontaneity of Revelation. Scores of individual associations sprang up in various parts of the world, simultaneously and independently of each other. It was an international movement of the first order, and in due time it was the boast of the "Y" that its activities extended to 57 countries of the world.

Nowhere, however, did the idea take firmer root than in the United States.

By the outbreak of the Civil War there were several hundred local associations in operation here; they had no salaried officers and practically no property, and were bound together in a loose federation. Into the bitter intersectional strife they plunged with religious zeal, distributing to the soldiers thousands of Bibles, and tracts and much food and clothing, spending altogether $2,500,000.

A bare 60 associations survived the conflict, but these emerged with a broadened program. The New York unit led the way, with the erection of its own building, designed for "the improvement of the spiritual, mental, social and physical conditions of young men." Some years later, the triangle emblem, intended to embody the true ideal of Christian manhood — symmetrical development of body, mind and spirit — was officially adopted. Thus was conceived the vision of the all-round man as the goal, rather than the purely religious one.

The dawn of the twentieth century saw the Y.M.C.A. emerge as the principal youth movement in America.

In each of our 93 cities of more than 100,000 population, associations were formed, with some 300 branches and a greater number of outlying centers of work. The coverage of smaller communities was not so thorough or complete, but 897 associations were organized to take care of these, the armed forces, railroads, and universities. In the high schools of the land, 4,739 Hi-Y clubs were started, supervised by State committees. In 1936 the "Y" was able to report that it had an active and participating membership of more than 2,000,000 persons; 717 buildings, valued, with other property, at more than $230,000,000; and an annual budget in excess of $39,000,000.

A glance at the general balance sheet for the same year is enlightening:

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Assets	$230,456,500
Liabilities	45,005,200

Income

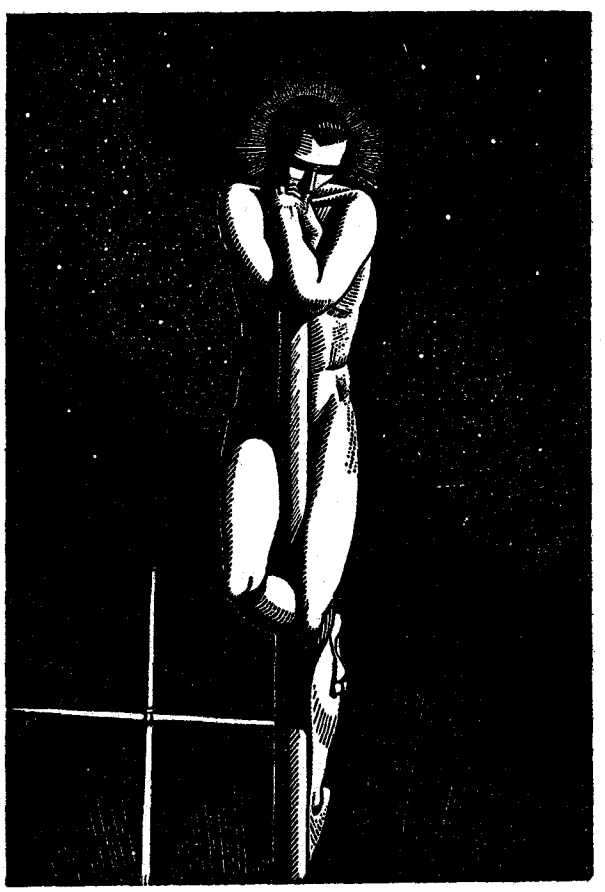
Membership dues	$ 4,795,500	
Program service fees	3,958,700	
Business & club features	17,677,100	
Contributions	8,664,600	
Endowment	1,330,900	
All other	3,050,500	
Total income		$ 39,477,300

Expenditures

Program services	$ 8,536,000	
Business & club features	11,186,100	
General administration	9,495,200	
Property maintenance	6,357,700	
Interest on indebtedness & taxes	1,658,800	
All other	2,494,600	
Total expenditures		$ 39,728,400

These figures do not take in the National Council or the International Committee, which together have assets of some $20,000,000 more.

But surely, some may ask, a youth organization with the tremendous resources of the "Y" and its avowed high purposes must be a great factor for good in America today. Surely, in the struggles for recognition of youth, to maintain democracy and organize peace (to mention a few), the "Y" has taken a leading part.



Rockwell Kent *Reproductions by Courtesy o the Weyhe Gallery*

The answer is, unfortunately, *no*. That the "Y" has wasted its potentialities and that it has thus far signally failed in its obligations is clearer to none than those on the inside.

Why it has failed and what can be done about it will be the inquiry of this article.

II

I JOINED the "Y" in 1912, in a manner previsioned by its devout and earnest founder.

I was one of the drifting, aimless youth of every age and generation, knocking my way about the country. At length, I managed to get a job in a department store in an Eastern city. On my third day there, a pleasant chap called at the store to meet the stranger in town. He introduced himself as a "Y" worker and invited me to join the local association. I did so, and it became the turning point of my life.

The director took a brotherly interest in me, as, indeed, he did with everyone; the entire friendliness of the place warmed me as nothing I had ever encountered before. I participated in the physical program, attended educational classes which broadened my knowledge and Bible classes which gave me encouragement in personal faith. My enthusiasm led me to join in the good work, becoming first a volunteer worker and then a paid secretary. The "Y" was responsible for giving me (and thousands of other youths) a worth-while aim in life.

But the following two decades of prosperity and vast expansion found a marked change taking place. The "Y" went high hat on American youth. No longer was any attempt made to seek out young strangers and win them to a sound mode of life. And, in the combination hotels and streamlined gymnasiums which were built, there remained little evidence of the "home away from home" planned by George Williams. The warmth was dissipated, the helping hand withdrawn. And, in ceasing to perform the useful functions of old, the "Y" also refused to concern itself with the pressing problems of today.

The advent of economic depression, in 1929, served to bring the "Y," as it did every other social agency, into sharp focus. But, like big business, which, when confronted by the crisis of no profits, failed to function, the "Y" threw up its hands.

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Had the "Y" done its duty as it was well capable of doing, the federal government would, for example, have been spared the necessity of establishing transient camps for American youth. It was only after these camps were in operation that the guiding forces of the "Y" opened their eyes to their own shortcomings and clamored for a part in them. But by that time they were not needed.

An instance of how the Y.M.C.A. was functioning I cite from my own experience.

When the depression was gathering momentum, I was employed in an association on the highway to Los Angeles. An endless stream of young boys passed through our doors. Some wanted a shower, some lodging for the night; others begged for food and clothing. The shower was 25 cents, the bed $1, and food and clothing could be furnished for a price. We had strict orders to give away nothing — nothing but hollow-sounding words.

I went to the chief executive and begged him to let me do something. We had large unused rooms which we could have filled with cots; a shower would not have set us back much. We might have asked food and clothing from the generous townspeople.

His reply was chilling. "They're not worth the trouble," he snapped.

Yet, I have seen this man publicly make the most pious prayers, asking God to show him the way to help young men.

What's wrong with the "Y"?

As I sit writing these notes, a fellow secretary comes over curiously. "What are you doing?" he inquires.

I tell him.

"Well," he replies cynically, "you'll need a lot more paper than that."

This is an attitude, I fear, which is shared by many, both in and out of the "Y," today. After my many years as a worker in the movement, I feel that I am again a salesman in a department store. I sell a membership here, a room in the dormitory there, a meal in the cafeteria, a swim, or a course in show-card lettering. We all have the same feeling of inadequacy — that the "Y" today is drifting with the boys who look to it hopefully for leadership. Despite the millions of young people who are dependent on some form of public or private aid, the "Y" chooses to confine its services to the more fortunate. And, despite the large buildings and staffs put at their disposal, even these latter complain that the "Y" is little concerned with their welfare. The increasing agitation to tax association property — successful already in many places — is sufficient indication that the public has come to regard the movement as a mere commercial venture.

III

FIRST AND FOREMOST of the things wrong with the "Y" today is management.

Traditionally and in theory, the Y.M.C.A. is a co-operative group of autonomous units, each one answerable to no higher authority than itself. In theory, likewise (though there are State, national, and international advisory bodies), they are self-governing — and thus democratic — organizations. In practice, however, each one is governed by a board of directors, chosen from among the "successful" men of the community — bankers, corporation lawyers, and such. The Y.M.C.A. has thus succumbed to one of the most common weaknesses of co-operatives — it has degenerated into a typical big business run from the top.

Under the regnancy of men who have little

Rockwell Kent

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understanding of and less regard for co-operative endeavor, it is not surprising that the "Y" now finds itself hanging to the coattails of progress, rather than leading as formerly. There is, in fact, an anomalous situation within the associations, today, which cannot escape the close observer.

On the one hand, trained and experienced workers, as exemplified in the National Council, clamor for a definite and realistic program to fit the needs of the times. Studying changing social conditions and coming in daily contact with youth, they realize that never before was there such opportunity for leadership nor ever another social organization more fitted to show the way.

But policy is shaped by the all-powerful directors. What it may be is indicated by an official statement:

> The Y.M.C.A. is convinced that its peculiar service requires that as far as possible it avoid all social, political, and industrial entanglements.

And again (italics mine):

> The Y.M.C.A. in its general practice aims to be and is a unifying agency; *but accepting the situation as it is*, it begins its efforts where men are.

Under the type of leadership which is thus solicitous of the *status quo*, even to the point of reaction, it is scarcely surprising that the "Y" has fast lost ground to newer and more enlightened public and private agencies.

The main problems of workers with youth today may be stated as follows:

1. The struggle to maintain American democracy.
2. The struggle for recognition of youth.
3. The struggle to develop our national and human resources.
4. The politico-economic struggle to control social planning.
5. The struggle to make hitherto private services available to all.
6. The struggle to equalize opportunity.
7. The struggle for personal and social security.
8. The struggle to organize peace.
9. The struggle to authenticate and modernize religion.

The sad fact is that in every one of these matters of urgent public concern the contribution of the Y.M.C.A. is well-nigh negligible.

Actually, like some schools and universities, many associations have become mere apologists for wealth and, with the surpluses which have come their way, have built bigger and better "gyms" to provide a means of escape for memberships. Under the type of direction of today, moreover, the triangle emblem, representing mind, body, and spirit, has been distorted out of all proportion. In 1936, physical activities constituted no less than 62.5 per cent of young men's programs; and, in fact, many members today have little use for the "Y" except as a place for a "workout" or a shower. While these features are commendable to a degree, it is difficult to see how such lack of balance squares either with the "Y" ideal or with its constitution, dedicating it to the mission of meeting the modern age and the coming day.

Since no movement goes far beyond the length and breadth of its leadership, it is for this reason that the second principal evil in the organization today is a natural consequence of the first. "Y" personnel — the executives and secretaries who are charged with the actual running of the associations — are in the main hopelessly unqeual to the task. They have neither sufficient training nor particular aptitude in any of the necessary fields and often are no more than clever religious politicians. They may be expert in leading prayer or pep meetings; they may be wizards in statistics and organization. Some of them are even capable of calculating with lightning rapidity the exact number of souls they have saved. But they contrast vividly with the venerable leader of the movement in America, Dwight L. Moody. He was no mathematician, and was once ordered to keep quiet in prayer meeting because he made too many mistakes in grammar. Honesty and sincerity of purpose were all the equipment he needed for a great life of usefulness.

But glad hands, forced smiles, and hollow well-wishing make for a service club, rather than for an organization with the professed aims of the "Y"; and, apparently, this is the goal of the present leadership. Offhand, for example, one is hard put to it to think of a single essential service which the "Y" now extends to bewildered or underprivileged youth.

Walk into almost any "Y" lobby and you will likely find it a cold and uninviting place. Speak to the chief executive, and he will beam at you, like an actor playing a part. Ask him what important function the association performs, and he will probably tell you that every-

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thing done is religious or aims at character building. But look around. In the billiard room men bet and swear. In the bowling alleys it is the same — rough language, the room filled with smoke and noise. In the physical department, men state frankly that their only interest is to "work up a sweat."

Everything here must be bought and paid for — and this though the "Y" is supported in large part by public charity. The cafeteria is a cash-and-carry venture like the lunchroom down the street. The dormitory is filled with traveling salesmen, men separated from their wives, all sorts of local penny pinchers who will not pay hotel rates, and even a few fugitives from justice. The rooms are not reserved for the needy or even for members. It is first come, first served.

In the lecture room, men are regaled with tall stories of the dangers of sex; it is like an old-fashioned mother frightening her brood.

Once a year, at the fag end of the summer season, the "Y" may offer a single miserable week at its summer camp to the scrawny, underprivileged children of the slums. This is the sum total of its service to the youth which cannot make payment on the line.

IV

THE "Y" MAY BE SAID to have lost its contact — and much caste — with youth as far back as the World War.

Returning doughboys had scarcely set foot on American soil when they let loose a flood of criticism against the behavior of "Y" secretaries in the field. The chief complaint seemed to be that the Y.M.C.A., in contrast with the other welfare agencies — the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army, and the Jewish Welfare Board — had adopted a cold and distant attitude and, more reprehensibly, had exacted payment for cigarettes and other commodities donated by the folks back home.

That the prestige of the associations was seriously threatened by the resultant wave of indignation can scarce be doubted. But of the justice of the charge itself there is some dispute. The "Y" has even gone to the length of issuing two large volumes to explain its position.

Unquestionably, the burdens put on the Y.M.C.A. were too heavy. As General Pershing later wrote, it was suddenly obliged to take over the canteen work of an army of four or five millions, at home and overseas. But whether the "Y" was fitted for the task assigned to it or whether it undertook something beyond its capacities is a question on which even "Y" executives are not in agreement.

In *Service With Fighting Men*, the volume alluded to, William Howard Taft, the editor, at one point says that "the preparedness of the Association for the stupendous task thrust upon it with startling suddenness was most impressive." A few pages on, he fairly contradicts himself, however, interpolating, "While of course the Y.M.C.A. was not prepared for the war. . . ."

The most charitable view is that the "Y" bit off more than it could chew but that, offering its services to the government the day America entered the war, it made a brave effort to do its part in a time of national emergency. Despite shortcomings, it put 13,000 workers in the field and raised and spent $155,000,000 in welfare work.

It is precisely this which makes its attitude today so incomprehensible. In the face of the broad human needs of modern times, it chooses to pursue the even tenor of its ways without deviation. Are the needy youths of today soon likely to forget this?

But it is becoming palpably evident that, despite the name, the average association is neither a young men's organization nor particularly Christian in character.

In many associations it is practically impossible for a young man to become a director — some organizations have even taken steps to prevent it — and in others it is virtually impossible for him to become a paid worker. Secretaryship has become a profession, and the average secretarial age continues to mount. Therefore, although youth predominates in the membership and youth contributes more than 75 per cent of the annual $40,000,000 or so needed to run the Y.M.C.A., youth control in most associations is negligible. As a school for democracy, accordingly, the "Y" does not rank high.

As for the "Christian" nature of the "Y" — the most nearly authentic recent statement of purpose is the following, adopted at an international convention in 1931:

> The Young Men's Christian Association we regard as being in its essential genius, a world-wide fellowship of men and boys united by a common loyalty to

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Jesus Christ for the purpose of building Christian personality and a Christian society.

How does this square with actual practice? In Christ's teaching, all men — of whatever race, color, or status — are declared to be of inestimable value in God's sight; yet the "Y" is hardly a fellowship wherein men are taught the idea of mutual respect and consideration. Observe the black lists against the youth of some races and the quotas in force against the youth of others. The "Y" here has a clear duty to redefine its principles and steer by them.

V

WHAT IS THE WAY out for the "Y"? How can the organization again rise to leadership or give fresh direction to its energies?

This is not as difficult as it may seem. Today, as in the beginning, the "Y" must recognize itself as essentially a function of the urbanizing process. Certainly, in a time of such great social transition, it must determine not to drift. Then, restudying its aims in terms of contribution to community cultures, it can attempt conscious adaptation to the changing needs of the times. What can it do toward reform?

1. *It can return a share of control to youth.*

The present setup, with control by older career men, is neither desirable nor democratic. Since the bulk of "Y" resources comes from the membership, the members are vital to the partnership, and must be intelligently informed of the policies. Furthermore, the value of the "Y" cannot be conferred or imposed and must be derived from responsible participation.

2. *It can seek to understand the new community forces striving for co-operative control of the common life and to work with them on specific problems or aspects, beyond institutional traditions and without reference to institutional prestige or advantage.*

The traditional policy of the "Y" to go it alone is selfish and wrong. Its strong assistance is necessary for community reform and control.

3. *It can fearlessly move in new directions on those questions of public welfare in which the American people have clearly chosen their course, and regarding which a natural tendency to lag may amount to a reactionary policy.*

It is obvious that, in recent years, people have moved clearly toward advances in public health, security, industrial reform, peace, education, and programs dealing with youth opportunity. Is the Y.M.C.A. going to disregard the searching experience of past years?

4. *It can safeguard and improve its leadership.*

The training of the personnel today is improper. The "Y" cannot make good its hopes for the future unless a more dependable foundation can be developed for the professional competence of its leaders. There is the additional concern of the low monetary compensation it gives its employees. This matter, one causing wide disturbance in other fields, may do so also in the "Y" unless its 17,000 workers are paid salaries more commensurate with the financial ability of the associations.

Do any or all of these suggestions seem farfetched and radical? Not at all. The fact is they are approved in principle by the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and Canada. This forward-looking group, in 1936, broke sharply with precedent, approaching, without however invading, the field of policy. In 1937, it went even further, proposing the reforms enumerated, among others. Unfortunately, the Council can only suggest, and its advice is lost among the complicated tables of the annual yearbook. But, nevertheless, it is an encouraging sign.

The "Y" will soon be offered the glorious opportunity of utilizing the approaching one hundredth anniversary of its founding as the occasion for special reorientation. Will it accept the rightful responsibility of an organization of its great resources and high principles, to lead American youth in the ways of fellowship and democracy? Or will it be content to continue to survey the scene with Olympian aloofness, leaving the burden to other and more social minded agencies?

Next Month:
"Is God Necessary?"
a debate between
Sylvia Stevenson and Emily Newell Blair

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I've Got the Gout!

by **FOSTER GILROY**

Tollere nodosam nescit
medicina Podagram.

SUCH IS THE PHRASE used by an epigrammatist in the time of Augustus Caesar to express a dictum that has divided professional opinion affecting millions of sufferers in successive generations for more than 2,000 years, that "medicine cannot cure the knotty gout."

And, in justification of the solecism lurking in the title of this article, let me say at the outset that it is used unashamedly and with a purpose, in that anyone suffering from the gout has achieved that vicarious honor solely through his own efforts and has therefore only himself to blame for playing host to one of the most painful and possibly the most ancient of diseases. I attribute the statement as to its antiquity to the authority of a recent researcher in medical lore, who declares that Adam died of gout!

Never shall I forget my first encounter with this scourge of the ancients and terror of moderns, so aptly, if somewhat inelegantly, alluded to in an old Greek saw: *Of limb-relaxing Bacchus and limb-relaxing Venus is born a daughter, the limb-relaxing Gout.*

In the light of an acquaintance of many years, may I assure my readers that, from far revealing any of the graces of a daughter, the gout leans more toward the social characteristics of a Caliban.

It all happened at two o'clock in the morning. I fix the hour for a technical reason, hereinafter discussed, and because the grandfather's clock in the lower hall had just emitted its deep-throated Westminster chimes, on the heels of which came the tenor tinkle of the library's Whittington, followed, in order, by various striking timepieces elsewhere throughout the house, until my wife protested drowsily, "It really does seem to be two o'clock."

I was on the point of pulling one of those early morning duds by remarking, "Two strikes and out," when I suddenly became aware of the cause of my awakening. It was not the clocks; but my foot felt as though it were on fire.

"I've got a terrible pain in my toe," I remarked.

"Well, your chiming clocks give me a terrible pain in the neck," was the not very brilliant rejoinder.

"No fooling," I cried; "the pain is something fierce!"

By this time, we were both up and had switched on the lights.

True enough, the big toe of my left foot resembled in size, shape, and color that magnum of sausages which I believe the Germans call a *Bratwurst.* For those unacquainted with this mastiff among hot dogs, let me explain that my toe was greatly swollen and of a rich, red hue.

I felt actually faint for the moment at the intense shooting pains that throbbed within its taut and inflamed confines. "I must have been bitten," I ventured, surveying the painful member.

"Now, no wisecracks out of you," the lady countered. "There's nothing in this bed capable of any biting. That toe of yours looks as though a cobra had dined on it."

"That's how it feels," I replied feebly.

My wife suggested that I telephone the family physician.

"Not on your life," I said. "I'm in frightful agony, I admit, but, if I got Doc Fields out of bed at two o'clock in the morning for a pain in the toe, I'd never hear the last of it."

We decided to wait until seven o'clock, in the interests of neighborly decency, before summoning the doctor.

Sleep was out of the question. I could not even bear the weight of a sheet on my foot,

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as the pain grew in intensity and spread slowly upward from the tip end of the big toe to the instep. I couldn't read, because I couldn't concentrate. I took a mild sedative, only to find myself more wide-awake than before. I never had felt such pain in my life, with less mental fortitude to bear it with.

For five mortal hours I watched that big toe grow in size and increase in torture. I swathed it in analgesic balms, potent liniments, and penetrating local anaesthetics; and, the more stuff I rubbed on it, the sharper grew the pain. By the time daylight came and, shortly after it, the doctor, my foot as far north as the astragalus was a rosy-pink bed of fire, for all the world, in a physical sense at least, like the glowing embers at the bottom of an open grate.

Good News

"What now, little man?" was Doc Fields's boisterous greeting as he bounced into the room. "Just getting up — or just getting in?"

"Neither, Doc; just take a look at that foot," and I held it out for his inspection.

"Why," he fairly shrieked, "you old son of a gun, you've got the gout!"

The gout . . . the gout!

Immediately there recurred to memory all the quips I had chortled over in *Punch;* of a choleric old retired field marshal shaking a knotted fist at the canary, because its morning song was so blithe; of a mahogany-hued and grizzled Indiaman, beached on half-pay, shying a crutch at the landlady's pug dog because the little blighter had brushed against the bandage enshrouding a vastly swollen pedal extremity; of an empurpled City man mercilessly sacking a terrified butler for passing the port to the left.

I had always connected gout with British consuls, with the Sepoy rebellion, Belgravia, and the London Athenaeum — even with the Travellers' Club and White's and the George and Dragon. There flashed before me the picture of a great nobleman of my acquaintance, whose portrait hangs in the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square as emblematic of all that British aristocracy connotes, hobbling out of the Marlborough Club in what I then thought was a pair of overtight shoes. Now I suddenly realized that his labored tread must have come from gout, because I knew that he had never been lamed.

And here was I, a housebroken American — of a long line of Scottish ancestors, to be sure — laid low by a disordered metabolism which literally millions suffer from under various disguises, which cartoonists delight to lampoon, and over which physicians pull their shaggy eyebrows in puzzlement.

Being a Dickens fan, I even recalled at the moment a passage in *Bleak House* in which Sir Leicester Dedlock pontificates:

> All the Dedlocks, in the direct male line, through a course of time during and beyond which the memory of man goeth not to the contrary, have had the gout.

And I, too, had finally acquired the curse of Chesny Wold!

"The gout?" I repeated after the Doctor. "How in thunder did I ever get that?"

"Far be it from me to inquire too closely into your ribald past," replied Doc Fields, "but gout it certainly looks like and probably is. Maybe you got it from your grandfather."

"My grandfather," I retorted with spirit, "lived to be ninety-seven years old and walked ten miles daily up to the very day of his death."

"Probably you'll live to be ninety-seven yourself," he replied, "if you'll look both ways before crossing the street. It happens to be one of the peculiarities of gout that it seems to give its victims a generous lease on life — but not a happy one."

"Well, never mind," I said. "Do something about this infernal pain."

"First, let me ask you a couple of questions," and I could see that he was beginning to take an ominously professional interest in my case. "I assume that you first felt this pain in your toe at precisely two o'clock this morning?"

"That's right; but how did you know it?"

"Well, it's another of gout's idiosyncracies; it usually gets busy at almost exactly that hour. And, the night before, did you experience a burning or itching sensation in your left foot?"

"Right again, but I blamed it on thirty-six holes of golf during the day!"

"That was gout's 'Scarborough warning,'" continued the Doctor. "Now, Bill, gout is one of medicine's mysteries, and most physicians hesitate to make a definite diagnosis of it.

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Sometimes it's called arthritis, sometimes rheumatism, sometimes by other names, none of which fits it precisely. I think you've got gout and I base that belief not entirely on that foot of yours but also upon what I know of your past and present mode of living. At least, I am going to treat this trouble of yours as gout."

"Look here, Fields," I said. "Forget about my way of life and get busy stopping this confounded agony."

"And suppose I should say to you," replied the Doc evilly, "as did Doctor Armand Trousseau, of the Clinique Médicale de l'Hôtel Dieu of Paris, in his day one of the great French authorities on gout, 'At the commencement of my practice I attempted to fight against gout. Now I cross my arms and look on; I do nothing, absolutely nothing, to subdue attacks of acute gout.' How would you like to have me approach your trouble in that frame of mind?"

"My God, Doc," I asked, "is it as bad as all that?"

"Well, I'm not quite as pessimistic as Dr. Trousseau was about gout — and don't forget that he was a great medical authority — but I am going to tell you this as man to man: there is nothing that I can give you to apply to your foot that will alleviate the pain one iota. Gout must be fought from within. I am going to give you an ancient drug that will ease your pain in six or eight hours, reduce it still further by tomorrow, and possibly dissipate it entirely in four days. That is the best I can do for you, and within that time you must live a life of monastic severity."

He proceeded to write out a diet list that embraced practically everything in the deglutitory catalogue that was highly distasteful to me, from bonnyclabber to bubble-and-squeak. Not a thing in the list that one could get one's teeth into — no meat, no fish, no fowl, and only the most insipid and tasteless trivia of the vegetable world.

"One should live to a ripe old age on fodder like this," I remarked nastily, as I tried to find one ray of culinary hope in the debacle of food products presented for my espousal.

"Yes — and without gout," was Doc Fields's parting remark.

Buried Alive

I looked at the prescription he left with me. I had enough Latin to discover that outside of one of the salicylates its chief ingredient was colchicum — and then some of my old classical lore came back to me. Colchicum — rose-purple flower cluster of Colchis in Asia Minor, ancient home of Medea, herself a poisoner of parts, and the bud itself a toxin of great potency. Colchicum, the very incense offered up in prayer to the Monster Gout by those fathers of medicine, Hippocrates and Galen.

And I remembered, too, that Lucian had twice apostrophized this ancient ache, once in his *Tragopodagra* and again in *Ocypus*, thus: "Who does not know me, Gout the unconquered, goddess of all earthly ills!"

That I was beset with a disease of venerable lineage I had abundant historical evidence; that I had many and honorable fellow victims I had every reason to believe; but that there was anything goddesslike in gout's clandestine approach in the small hours of the morning I held savage doubts. Nor did I like that air of finality in Lucian's "Gout the unconquered."

Discounting the progress in medicine of some eighteen centuries, I finally managed about noon to hobble as far as the telephone and called up Doc Fields. "Look here, Doc," I asked, "is gout curable?"

"I've been practicing only twenty-five years," he replied, with indecent levity. "Let me find an older authority to answer that question. Just a moment . . . ah, here it is. . . . I am quoting Professor Adolf Strumpell in his *Text Book of Medicine* . . . he says, quote, a permanent release from the disease is rarely to be hoped for, unquote . . . how do you feel?"

"Worse now, thanks," and I hung up.

It seemed that I was seized with an indescribably painful disease at 40 years of age and that there was no cure for it. At least, that was the inference I drew from the Doctor's reply, yet he did not register great concern over my plight. For years I had laughed over jokes cracked at the expense of the gouty — the very name usually provoked an outburst

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of hilarity — but the cold fact remained that competent medical authority classified gout as incurable.

I was not left in peace, however, long enough to pursue this gloomy contemplation to its ultimate conclusion, for it seemed that a brisk fire continued to consume my left foot. I was taking the doctor's little green capsules every hour and felt in perfect health everywhere save in that burning, throbbing, pestilential foot. My ordinarily even disposition was shattered, I thought, beyond repair — a condition that was not improved by my utter abhorrence of a diet of infant's food and anemic vegetables. And how I missed that medium Martini just as the sun crossed the yardarm — a ritual of twenty years' standing!

For old King Alcohol was the first stout sinner to fall under the new boss's displeasure. "The sprinkling cart for you," was his terse command.

"For how long?" I timidly asked.

"Till death do us part," came the brutal answer. "Alcohol in your present state is just about as helpful as cyanide of potassium, and unless you give it up entirely you can expect that toe of yours to go off on a binge like this just as often as your blood gets filled up with those little needle points that are right now giving you merry hell."

"Not even wine?" I wheedled.

"Worse than whisky," he snorted. "Probably that's how you got it, along with a generous diet of *truite de rivière et crevettes*, *escargots bourguignons*, *poitrine de volaille*, and your old favorite, *grenouilles*."

"At least," said I, mustering all the sarcasm I could under the painful circumstances, "you seem to have been entertained by somebody who favored good restaurants."

"Many times," he rejoined, ignoring my insolence, "but it never destroyed my love of simple fare."

He was about to leave me to my colchicum when I shot in one last query: "Well, what *can* I drink?"

"Mineral water, until it bubbles out of your ears!"

Further Experiences in Purgatory

By the second day, my pain had somewhat subsided, as the Doctor had promised, but getting a shoe on that foot was still not a possibility. I can't say, however, that my temper had improved equally, since I noticed that members of the family gave me a wide berth and that even Fukoji, as he sidled into the room with successive "meals" of bellywash, lacked much of his customary Oriental placidity.

And I don't doubt that I was pretty sad company. I had always lived well — as it now appeared, too well. At the Tour d'Argent, Frederic and, later, Elie paid high tribute to my taste in viands; the latter was wont to sneak off with me to his cellars under the Seine bank, where we would split a bottle of Lanson or Krug or some other choice product of the vine — and not a *demi-bouteille*, either. At Voisin, the sommelier fairly gurgled over my selections, and at the Ritz I achieved the questionable honor of bestowing my name on a cocktail that I had coaxed out of a wide array of bottles in a moment of early-morning exuberance. I mention these facts in modesty, simply to draw a contrast between the *bon vivant* of yesterday and the milktoaster of today. Bitter, bitter loomed the future.

Along about noon of the second day Doctor Fields dropped in.

I reproached him from my soul for his lack of sympathy. "How would you feel," I inquired, "facing a lifetime on buttermilk and farina?"

"Come, now, it isn't that bad by a long shot. In a week or so, after we've gotten some of that acid out of your system, we'll have you back on a modified diet that you'll like."

"Modified? How?" I asked suspiciously.

"Well," he beamed, "a soft-boiled egg now and then; a lamb chop at dinner; sometimes a little white meat of chicken; and plenty of vegetables and fresh fruit."

"Damn vegetables and fresh fruit! I want red roast beef, corned beef and cabbage, and two-inch steaks."

"Any one of which dishes, after this attack," said the Doc firmly, "would bring you just that much nearer another fat toe. Now, let's approach this thing from a sensible viewpoint." He took a little notebook from his pocket. "As I told you yesterday, none of us doctors knows much about gout. An honest physician will admit that, and he will tell you that it is to be accepted more as a warning of some systemic maladjustment than as a disease in itself. I

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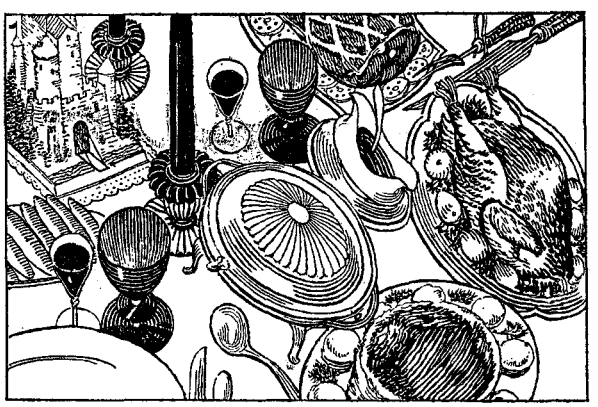
happened last night to run across a book by Ellwanger, who wrote at length on gout and seems in his conclusions to approximate more closely the facts as concerning your own life and habits, as I have observed them, than some of the commentators of other and earlier times."

"There you go again, 'my life and habits'; what have they got to do with my big toe?"

"Well, I know that you revel in rich food and plenty of it. Here is what Ellwanger says about that:

"'Gout is a sequence of high living and the thorn in the rose of gastronomy, with many years of savory dinners and fragrant vintages as its genesis and means of evolution.



"'It is a common affliction that since the days of the ancients has proved a weariness to the flesh and has yielded little to medication.

"'No other malady not strictly organic has baffled medical science to so great an extent, the doctors themselves being frequently among its chosen victims, with whom it often flourishes under the more plebeian title of "rheumatism".'"

"Oh, ho," I cried, "so you birds get it yourselves and call it rheumatism!"

"All medical opinion, my friend," the Doctor countered, "is not agreed that gout, while rheumatic in its general characteristics, is identical with rheumatism. It may comfort you to know that Ellwanger further states that gout is distinctly a disease of civilization, being unknown among savage races."

I was later to discover, to my everlasting consternation, that my friend and physician, who refused to ration me even a thimbleful of Pontet Canet, was quoting from *Meditations on Gout, With a Consideration of Its Cure Through the Use of Wine*, by George H. Ellwanger, M.A. Had I been aware of this I probably should not have resisted the wine closet.

By the end of the fourth day, I was able to get a shoe on my foot and go to business — but with a decided limp and the help of a stout blackthorn.

I even essayed a visit to my club on the way home. This was a mistake. I discovered that the Doctor had so far forgotten his professional ethics as to broadcast my plight to all our friends, and as a result I got none of the commiseration I regarded as my due but only rude jests and ribald winks. They thought it was funny!

Poor Richard's Gout

A CERTAIN DEGREE of facetiousness is the common lay attitude toward gout, but I was to learn, as my experience with it progressed, that gout has over many centuries claimed the serious attention of some of medicine's greatest minds and that its lore is a rich one.

I first became interested in the etiology of gout when my wife, harried wretch, triumphantly called my attention to reference to it in the Encyclopedia Britannica:

> On the night of the attack the patient retires to rest apparently well, but about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning awakes with a painful feeling in the foot — and displays extreme irritability of temper.

"That's exactly how it affected you," she announced.

To this I could only acquiesce, "And don't I know it!"

Then I happened to pick up a copy of Benjamin Franklin's autobiography and by sheer chance, because I had forgotten that the philosopher suffered from the trouble, opened it to his *Dialogue With Madam Gout*. Struck by the fact that he, like Lucian, assigned a feminine role to the harridan, I was equally impressed by the stress which he laid on exercise as a possible palliative of the disease:

> *Franklin:* Eh! oh! eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?
>
> *Madam Gout:* Many things: you have ate and drunk too freely and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence. . . . I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man who takes a reasonable degree of exercise would be too much for another who never takes any.
>
> *Franklin:* I take — eh! oh! — as much exercise — eh! — as I can, Madam Gout. You know my sedentary state, and on that account it would seem, Madam Gout, as if you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my own fault.

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> *Madam Gout:* Not a jot. . . . If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations, at least, should be active.

Franklin's visitor thereupon propounds the theory that, far from being an enemy, she is his physician; that medical opinion rates gout a remedy rather than a disease; and that without her the great philosopher might have died of palsy, dropsy, or apoplexy.

I encountered frequent references to gout in Ovid; in the searching codification of medicine by Celsus; in Seneca, Pliny, Martial, Dioscorides, and Aretaeus. Horace, in Satire VII of Book II, tells us the story of the confirmed gambler, Volanerius, who was so crippled by gout in his fingers that he hired deft-digited bystanders to throw the dice for him.

An Early Specialist

While the ancients suffered from and wrote diligently about gout, the first really comprehensive study of the disease in modern times appeared in *A Dissertation on the Gout and All Chronic Diseases Jointly Considered*, which was published in London in 1771 and "Addressed to All Invalids by William Cadogan, Fellow of the College of Physicians."

Dr. Cadogan (1711–1797) won his doctorate at Leyden, set up his office in Cavendish Square, and promptly aroused a tempest, in the smart circles of the London of that day, by reason of his new theories about this prevalent scourge of the upper classes. His treatise ran through ten editions in two years at one shilling, sixpence per copy.

In his introduction to the work, Dr. Cadogan made an announcement historic in the annals of medicine:

> The Gout is so common a disease, that there is scarcely a man in the world, whether he has had it or not, but thinks he knows perfectly what it is. So does a cook-maid think she knows what fire is as well as Sir Isaac Newton.

From this running start, the doughty Doctor plunged into his subject to the utter bewilderment of established medical authority of the moment. He boldly proclaimed that "gout was preventable, but not by medical means; that it was not hereditary, not periodical, and not incurable." He described it as the result of a vicious cycle, "starting with Indolence begetting Intemperance begetting Vexation," the trio begetting gout. He was a pioneer in urging a balanced diet, and expressed the belief that "wine alone produces more disease than all the other causes put together."

The effect of this pronunciamento among the two-bottle men of his times can better be imagined than described, yet his work found a sympathetic ear in so gay a *boulevardier* as David Garrick, who thus wrote to a friend about it:

> A Dr. Cadogan has written a pamphlet lately on ye Gout, it is much admired and has certainly It's merit — I was frighted with it for a week; but as Sin will outpull repentance when there are passions and palates, I have postponed the Dr.'s Regimen till my wife and I are tete a tete, and so make ye mortification as compleat as her father Confessor would prescribe to her in Lent.

Contrary to modern procedure in handling gout, Cadogan recommended slightly cooked meats, "since the less all flesh undergoes the power of fire, the milder and wholesomer it is." He continues:

> It is water that relieves. I know this is a very tender topic to touch upon, for men catch at every shadow of argument that favors their inclinations.

In the wake of Cadogan came a maelstrom of doubt and indecision over his technique in the treatment of the widespread malady that moderns enjoyed as a bequest from the ancients who had lived too well. For, in spite of his denial, the belief still persisted that gout was hereditary.

Many facts, however, emerged from the controversy. One was that the first attack of gout was more frequent between the ages of 30 and 40 than at any other time of life; that its secondary frequency fell between 20 and 30 years, becoming less common from 40 to 50; and that gout was seldom known *as a first attack* after middle life. Another observation was that it seldom fastened on women and still another that it was less prevalent in Scotland and Ireland, where robust spirits are favored as beverages, than in beer-and-ale–quaffing England.

Still, such data did little to clear up the fog that enveloped the causes of the disease. Many eminent physicians have expressed widely varied opinions about it.

"A disordered digestion," declares Dr. Meredith Clymer, "is the *primum mobile* of the whole trail of morbid phenomena."

And Sir Willoughby Wade, in his *Gout as a Peripheral Neurosis*, promptly retorts:

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> The nervous system is largely concerned in all the phases of gout and goutiness; and probably it also influences their mysterious hereditary transmission.

Of its curability, we have an early opinion from Dr. William Cullen (1710–1790), a London practitioner in a day when gout was much more prevalent than it is today, widely as it is now distributed. Wrote he:

> I am much disposed to believe the impossibility of a cure for the gout by medicine. Almost every age has presented a new remedy, yet all hitherto offered have very soon been either neglected as useless or condemned as pernicious. Colchicum stands first and foremost from time immemorial the great antidote.

LOST — AND FOUND

FOURTEEN YEARS have passed since my first experience with Madam Gout. I have had many attacks, six to eight a year at times; originally confined to the left foot, they returned to the right foot, once or twice to the knees and to the wrist, and once, horror of horrors, to both feet at once! My wife can tell me almost to the hour when I may expect a seizure simply from the hue of my naturally somewhat florid complexion.

All these attacks have been of my own begetting, because the sufferer from gout, like most mortals, is frail of flesh. Full-blooded, he feels so high in spirits and in such excellent health, when he is not laid by the heels in pain, that he disregards every precaution, follows no advice, and indulges his robust appetites to the utmost, trusting to luck that a fortuitous circumstance may deliver him from his predestined penalty.

It never does.

I cannot lay the curse to my forebears, for I find no record in the history of the families, gammer or gaffer, as to the possession of gout.

Whether gout can be wholly eradicated from the human system is not for a layman to say, but that it can be avoided in its acute stages is a fact for which I can vouchsafe ample verification and thus validate the counsel urged on Franklin by his midnight visitor.

The solution, partially at least, seems to lie in hard work.

In short, the only considerable period in which I was entirely free from even mild attacks of gout was during two years, at the very depth of the depression, when I joined the hordes of the unemployed.

I have often heard of "poor man's" gout, which could not be definitely attributed to overindulgence either in rich foods or alcohol but was gout nevertheless. In spite of this, I do know that, with every source of income lopped off, when I had to content myself with the barest necessities in the way of food and drink and had to work from early morning until late at night at physical labor which taxed muscles that I had never before used in my life, then — and only then — my gout vanished like wax under a blowtorch. During those two years I was absolutely without a pain of gouty origin.

And then came recovery and the return of some of the old earnings. Economic hermits began to poke their heads up out of concealed retreats, for all the world like a colony of prairie dogs emerging after a cyclone. A few people gave parties (gin). Presently the more venturesome or more affluent made bold to serve a dish of sherry (cooking) before dinner. Eventually the pop of the Clicquot cork resounded here and there.

Within three months, my wife looked at me as I returned from town one day and said, "You'd better broach a new bottle of colchicum; you're due for the gout!"

"Nonsense," I replied. "Haven't had it in nearly three years and I feel like making a complete wreck of a big platter of Irish pheasant."

"Well, you're going to have it within twenty-four hours — the gout, I mean, and not the corned beef — so you've had fair warning."

I did not heed the warning, as usual. She was right, also as usual.

. . . . . .

I find I have written far into the night.

Can that be two o'clock striking? It is . . . and is that a twinge? . . . After all, that wasn't much of a party last night . . . I remember shuddering when Sally Black put ice in her Clos Vugeot . . . always thought she was an idiot. . . . Ye gods, I believe that was a pain in my foot . . . yes, there it goes again. . . . Oh, well, I'm glad I had sense enough to save some of that colchicum.

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The Smiths Are Building a Home

by **MARC A. ROSE**

THE SMITHS and the Joneses are buying new homes. Even with a depression on, 400,000 new dwellings are being snapped up this year. It is the first energetic display of home-building activity in 10 years and it is touching a section of the population other booms have swept past. For half these new dwellings cost less than $5,000, including garage and lot. Banks and loan associations throughout the country have discovered the little man and are competing for his business. They have begun to understand that the small-income man, as the automobile makers learned long ago, is a good credit risk.

Back of this sudden upturn in building — and particularly the attitude of the banks toward it — is a government agency that lends nothing and, because it pays its way by fees charged for its services, costs the taxpayer next to nothing: the Federal Housing Administration. Not to be confused with the U. S. Housing Authority, which builds apartment houses, or the Home Owners Loan Corporation, which bailed out hundreds of thousands facing foreclosures, the FHA is simply an insurance corporation. It guarantees banks and loan associations against loss of principal on loans which it approves. For this insurance the home buyer pays the premium: from one quarter to one half of one per cent on the diminishing principal.

Guaranteeing the lender against loss, however, is only one of the services the FHA performs. Its advice to the buyer and builder is not less valuable. For the first time, the inexperienced home buyer, making the biggest business deal of his life, has someone looking out for his interests, guarding him against salesmen who would get him over his head in debt, examining the neighborhood he proposes to build in, inspecting the home while it is going up.

If you are a prospective homeowner, you first apply to a bank or other approved financial institution for a loan on a mortgage not in excess of $16,000. Your application is forwarded to one of the 68 FHA insurance offices.

Five underwriters rate each application. First, an examiner sifts out the obvious ineligibles. Second, an architect studies costs and plans; the house must be neither too expensive nor too cheap for its environment, and it must harmonize with its neighbors. Third, a valuator examines rental value, location and marketability. Fourth, a mortgage-risk examiner investigates the borrower's character and the relationship between his income and the contemplated debt. *How hard will he fight to keep his home?* the examiner asks himself.

The chief underwriter in each office reviews all these reports and gives or withholds approval. About four out of five applications get by. This may seem a high percentage, but even to become an applicant the borrower has already survived the bank's scrutiny.

If the FHA approves, it then guarantees to the bank that your loan will be paid back in monthly installments over a period of 25 years. The maximum interest charge permitted is 5 per cent. What's more, the mortgage may run as high as 90 per cent on a small home. Suppose you buy a pleasant and well-built home for $4,000 — you may pay as little as $400 down and pay the rest off at, say, $28 a month, which covers taxes and insurance and interest and wipes out the mortgage in 25 years.

During construction, a house gets three thorough inspections to see that specifications are met and workmanship is sound. A charge of $3 per $1,000 of the amount of the mortgage is made for this service.

The FHA has made it possible to buy better homes for less money. It has reduced materially the cost of financing, which is a big item. Its gradual repayment plan has done away with many of the evils of second mortgages and short-term first mortgages which have to be renewed frequently and expensively. Builders were prompt to see a business opportunity and

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for the first time went to work seriously on the problem of the really inexpensive house.

Builders often put homes through valuation and inspection merely for the FHA's stamp of approval, which has become a good selling point. Buyers do the same, for their own protection, even though they do not take an insured mortgage.

II

PLAINLY, THE FHA has no authority to tell a man what kind of house he shall build or where he shall build it. But the man who is told that his project will not pass has a right to ask, "Well, then, what kind *will* you approve?"

So the FHA has developed standards and has published manuals on planning small homes and on land planning. It supplies no stock plans (doesn't want to see thousands of uniform houses tiresomely lining our streets) but it offers suggestive sketches.

Deterioration of a neighborhood may be more disastrous than depreciation of a house in it. The FHA land-planning division has passed on 4,000 subdivisions. Its experts prefer a layout, with curving streets, that provides shopping center, parks, and playgrounds, rather than the old checkerboard or gridiron plan. They often persuade a developer to change his original plan materially. And it usually saves money, for there are fewer streets, less paving, shorter water mains and sewers. Frequently it rescues inaccessible lots. A park strip may eliminate an unpleasant view. Traffic hazards are minimized by creating dead-end streets. Subdivisions for $5,000 homes thus get the attention once reserved for expensive garden suburbs.

Economies in building have been achieved by intelligent planning. The trend is toward fewer rooms. The living room is larger, but the dining room frequently disappears. Fewer homes have cellars. Dimensions are worked out so carefully that it is said a bushel basket will hold all the waste ends of lumber.

The act which created the FHA was amended last winter, raising the insured mortgage maximum from 80 to the present 90 per cent of valuation, extending the amortization period to 25 years, reducing the annual insurance charge to 0.25 per cent on the smaller homes, and reducing or eliminating other small charges. About one third of the mortgages which are being accepted for insurance carry the maximum terms; two thirds show larger down payments and shorter lives.

The FHA had insured $1,333,905,208 in mortgages by the end of June, 1938. Banner State has been California, where the leading bankers enthusiastically sold the plan to the public. There are $200,000,000 of insured mortgages in force in California. Not one has been foreclosed.

New York, eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and the southeastern States have built many homes this year. In Detroit there is lively building, despite dull times in the automobile factories.

Receipts from fees and premiums have gradually increased until they now just about offset the FHA's expenses of $800,000 monthly. Income will show a sharp rise when the new crop of home buyers begins to pay premiums.

When a borrower becomes delinquent, the bank forecloses and may either sell the property and satisfy the debt or turn it over to the FHA for debentures which bear 2.75 per cent interest. When the FHA sells the foreclosed properties, the proceeds of the sale retire these debentures. Actually, out of 324,000 mortgages insured by the end of June, 1938, only 246 properties had been turned back to the FHA.

To meet possible losses, the FHA has set aside reserves of $21,000,000, probably will increase that sum by $5,000,000 this year.

The critic of the FHA asks: Will Uncle Sam someday find himself in the real-estate business as owner of thousands of homes? Will the FHA increase its personnel by leaps and bounds — as government bureaus are prone to do? Will Congress pass ever more liberal terms? Will politics enter the picture, especially labor politics, demanding union labor on every house the FHA is to approve? Most serious question of all: Will the FHA continue to be administered efficiently? Sloppy administration could easily lead to lax standards and jerry-building.

Best safeguard seems to be the fact that the banks and insurance companies are involved. They don't like to make sour loans, insured or no, and least of all would they want to see the real-estate market ruined by a series of FHA blunders. So they watch the FHA vigilantly.

FHA supporters, for their part, say politicians will be slow to tinker with an organization which the banks support and which has been so successful in reviving residential building.

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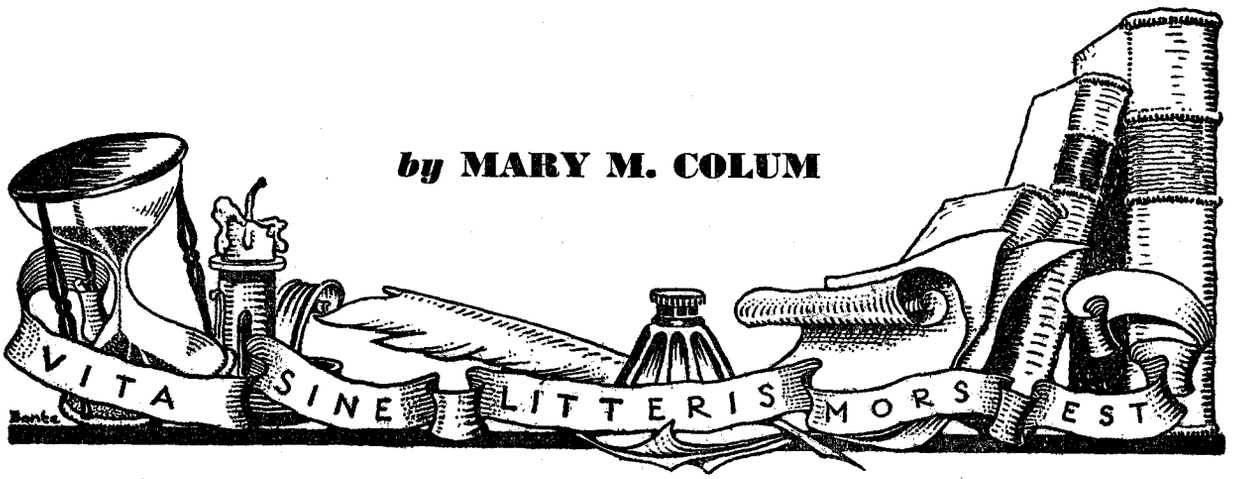
Life and Literature

In Favor of Best Sellers *

by **MARY M. COLUM**



WHILE A FEW of the novels published each year mount to the magnitude of best sellers, the bulk of the others, in the United States at any rate, merely pay their way. It even happens that novels by well-known writers put forth with the cachet of a distinguished publishing house and with favorable reviews in the literary weeklies sell less than 1,000 copies or even, as in one or two cases known to me, less than 500.

Books that sell widely are biographies like Eve Curie's life of her mother, autobiographies like *A Doctor's Odyssey*, or works that present ensembles of knowledge in entertaining form — like Carrel's *Man the Unknown*, De Kruif's *The Microbe Hunters*, Van Loon's *The Arts*, or, to go back some time, Wells's *Outline of History*. These works respond to the demand to be entertained, the need to get delight out of life and at the same time some knowledge of what it is all about, to learn what man is, what nature is, what history has meant, and what art has meant.

THE LAPSED ART OF STORYTELLING

WHY ARE BOOKS of this kind not only competitors of the novel but even displacers of it as popular reading?

The chief reason is, of course, that modern fiction is seldom any longer a narrative: it is often a study of character, a psychological exploration of motives. The short story, even, is no longer a story; it is frequently merely an anecdote with some more or less competent, more or less obvious attempts at character revelation. Neither the novelist nor the short-story writer feels it incumbent on him any longer to tell a story; in fact many reviewers are inclined to discount the type of novel that tells a story, and such books are frequently reviewed en masse in the last pages of the literary supplements.

Biography and history have taken over the narrative interest that belonged to the novel. The life of Madame Curie is a good story, and delight in a good story is the most general of all aesthetic delights, one that is common to children and men of the highest intellectual attainments. The thorough best sellers of the last few years, like *Anthony Adverse* and *Gone With the Wind*, told thrilling stories, but some highbrows affected to despise them both. In my mind there isn't any doubt that each of them was amongst the best books of the last few years.

Anthony Adverse has outstanding power and shows itself to be the work of a poet and a scholar and a man with copious interest in life. In the same year as *Gone With the Wind*, John Dos Passos' *The Big Money* was also published; *Gone With the Wind* was awarded the Pulitzer Prize, but the Dos Passos novel was considered the best of the year by the League

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The recent books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* The Story of Achilles, *translated into plain English by W. H. D. Rouse (published in England);* Crippled Splendour, *by Evan John (Dutton, $2.50);* Monday Night, *by Kay Boyle (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50);* Johnny Pye and the Fool Killer, *by Stephen Vincent Benét (Farrar & Rinehart, $1.00).*

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of American Writers. I own that because of a concern with literary forms and with new ways of presenting experience in literature I was more interested in the Dos Passos book but I have not the slightest compunction in saying that I believe Miss Mitchell's novel represents both a rarer form of literary talent and a commoner one, something that relates it to the great storytellers of all time as well as to the crude romances that fill the drugstore magazine shelves. But it would be a mistake to lean too heavily on this latter resemblance.

The Merits of the Best Seller

If one could, in the manner of the judges in beauty competitions, mark up excellencies and award percentages for the qualities shown in novels — so much for narrative gift, so much for imagination, for entertainment quality, for form, for style, for character drawing, for observation, for sense of reality, for faithful depicting of experience — one would undoubtedly judge that the best seller was high on the first three qualities and low on the last three. Though, to be sure, some are excellent in the power of observation, nearly all of them are low on the faithful, disinterested depiction of experience. However, totaling the virtues and gifts displayed, the best seller, very likely, would be found to surpass in merit all except a rare novel or two by rarely gifted writers.

It would be found, certainly, that the best seller dealt in the familiar platitudes of all the great storytellers — love, war, intrigue, jealousy, heroism, renunciation, deeds of valor and high-heartedness; there would be beautiful women and brave men; the bourgeois virtues would not be underrated; the good husband and father, the good wife and mother would be given homage if it did not interfere with the force of the story — for in the modern best seller the story is the thing.

The good storyteller who can make something new out of any age-old theme is, let us not delude ourselves, an uncommon figure in literature. There are at least ten clever analytical novelists for one good storyteller; there are more competent analytical novelists than competent dressmakers in any large city; and why they should be overrated as they are is something of a mystery.

There is on my table at the moment a book that tells a story that is familiar enough, platitudinous enough — many of my readers will have known a happening similar to the one it centers around.

A woman married to a fine, high-minded man becomes infatuated with a good-looking foreigner better versed in the art of lovemaking than her husband. The woman leaves her home, her child, her family, and her friends and goes off with her lover to another country, his homeland, taking her wealth with her. She soon enough regrets her action, sees that the man she eloped with is not much of a person and wishes she had sinned with a better man — one sensitive enough to suffer under the contempt and indignation of others and one who did not find all his pleasures in a lady's chamber. In short, she finds her lover is a sort of gigolo, not man enough to give her protection.

This is a tale that with some variation has been told in literature and imitation literature many times; it is told in a masterpiece like *Anna Karenina* and in a best seller of our grandmother's time, *East Lynne*.

In the story I am concerned with, the lawful husband of the lady is not content to let his wife and her fortune stay with a foreigner. He follows her, accompanied by some of his friends; it is decided that the lover and the husband shall fight a duel; and there is a touching scene where the woman and her lover's father watch the husband approaching in the distance, accompanied by a friend whom he and she had often entertained in their home together. A great loneliness comes over her, a nostalgia for home and child and husband; she wishes she had died before she eloped with the fascinating stranger. Then she looks to see if by any chance her two beloved brothers are also with her husband, but they are nowhere to be seen. She concludes that probably they are there somewhere but because of her conduct will not show themselves. "I have brought all that shame upon them." But, as the story relates, she is wrong in her guess, for her brothers are dead. "It was not as she said, for already Mother Earth held them fast far away in Lakadaimon, their own native land."

The story I am repeating is actually that of Helen of Troy, and it is told again in a new translation in modern speech without the archaisms we associate with Homeric translation. The translator, W. H. D. Rouse, has done

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his job well, but he would have done it better if he had a subtler literary sense and did not confuse natural speech with vulgar and trivial speech. Yet we cannot but welcome his translation, for he makes us see by it why it is that the *Iliad* has been a best seller for three thousand years.

The Proficiency of a Master

It is of interest to pick out a few essential resemblances and differences between the *Iliad* and contemporary best sellers.

It has to be noted that there are various kinds of best sellers: there is the simple-minded kind that is likely to have started as a serial in a woman's magazine; there is the detective-story best seller which sometimes has literary merit but often is an ingenious confection; these are seldom noticed in the literary supplements. The ones considered here are the best sellers of literary distinction, like *Anthony Adverse* and *Gone With the Wind* and *Crippled Splendour*, by Evan John, which has been a best seller in England and is now published here.

In the modern world we are so much ruled by narrow-minded canons that we have forgotten that it is part of the business of literature to make up for the incompleteness of life and to give us sometimes in excessive quantity that which is in life only penuriously. That is what the best sellers do — they give us romantic passion and glamorous life and glamorous tragedy and a glory such as we will never experience. This is what Homer did, and it has done men good to have heard that Helen's beauty was so great that the old men on the walls of Troy gazed at her in wonder, while the story of Priam coming to beg his son's body from Achilles has all over it a *grandeur d'âme* that has ennobled generations.

No modern best seller can be expected to do the like, and the hours of enchantment these give cannot have this augustness. Still, they are all on the line of a universal human rhythm; they give a significance to human beings and human actions; they give emotions strength and simplicity and a sense that all that really matters is how deeply people care about each other — father and children, lover and beloved, friend and friend; this they have in common with Homer.

But significant and wonderful as the story of the *Iliad* is, as adroit as the telling is, it is the passion, the emotions, that are primary with Homer. Out of the passion, the emotions, the story evolves, whereas with the moderns the story is considered first, and the emotions come out of it. Actually, the present-day storytellers have a more primitive approach, a more undeveloped method than had Homer. The *Iliad* starts right away with the passion of rancor and rage, and out of this comes Achilles; and that emotion, that rage, is there every time Achilles is present, until it is all soothed out in death. Because the story comes first in the modern best seller and conditions them, the emotions and the characters often have an air of artificiality, of unreality. In spite of the fact that so many events in the *Iliad* could never have happened and that practically every event in a modern historical novel like *Crippled Splendour* is known to follow the fact, Homer has it over all the moderns in the convincingness of his happenings and his characters. His intensity of feeling will not permit him to stray from the theme. Open the best of the best sellers and on any page you will find a sort of garrulousness.

For instance, I take this out of *Crippled Splendour:*

> Sigismund liked thinking of himself as picturesque and majestic. He had few other pleasures nowadays, what with Bohemian heretics threatening rebellion, the Turkish armies never far from his frontiers, and the abominable, incurable shortage of cash. But he was glad to meet James. He was a German with a full share of the romanticism that afflicts and comforts his race. He found James romantic: James was King of Scotland — *Ultima Thule* as he pictured it — full of mist-crowned mountains lit by a watery sun. He had a taste for travelling and would have visited Scotland, as he was visiting Windsor, if there had been the least chance of Albany paying his travelling expenses.

Now this is good enough writing, but it is inactive, a mere comment, an aside.

But turn to the *Iliad* and note how Homer makes his descriptions come out of a continuing action:

> When they came before our assembly, standing Menelaos was head and shoulders above him; while they both sat Odysseus was more dignified. But when they put out the patterns of their minds and inventions into words before us all, Menelaos ran smoothly on, said not much, but very clearly, for he was not one of many words or one to miss the right word; yet he was the younger man. Then Odysseus rose, this man who is never at a loss: he would stand with his eyes fixed on the ground; didn't move his staff backwards or forwards, but held it stiff, like a dull fellow;

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you would call him surly and stupid both. But as soon as he let out his great voice from his chest, and a shower of words falling thick and soft like snowflakes in winter time, no other man alive could come near Odysseus. But then we didn't think him so very much to look at.

A Historical Romance

To imply that *Crippled Splendour* does not display such communication with life as is in the *Iliad* does not mean that it is not a very entertaining and very rewarding book. It has in it many of the finer qualities of the high-class best seller. Evan John can tell a significant story; he is able to present people picturesquely and sympathetically; there is a warp and woof of poetry in the book; there is both pity and terror.

Because this is a historical novel of James I of Scotland, the unfamiliarity of the scene and the period may hold off some readers, but the author is so immersed in his subject that he is able to write clearly, swiftly, and excitingly; he makes the scene unfold naturally and easily. His James Stuart is made seem the first modern man in the medieval world. Students of literary history will remember James as the romantic author of the King's Quair. This Scottish king was kidnaped by the English while he was still a boy and in a captivity of eighteen years was moved about from one place of confinement to another and from an English stronghold to the battlefields of France. The part of the story that deals with his captivity is of exciting interest: an accomplished historian, Evan John makes the incidents and the characters alive. The pageant of the life in England, France, and Scotland in that barbaric age passes before us: there is Henry V (Falstaff's Prince Hal); the mad King of France and his German queen, Isabella; the Dauphin; the Emperor Sigismund — an array of the characters and incidents of that war in France that was to be ended by Joan of Arc.

An idea that humanizes this King James gives a unity to all the happenings recorded: it is in the dream that his father, old King Robert, an imaginative and intellectual man (as were all the Stuarts) has cherished. The Stuarts, those nobodies among European dynasties, were to produce a prince whose enlightenment would give a point of order in a distracted Europe. The dream seems defeated by the kidnaping of the prince, and the old King dies hopelessly. But it comes to life again when, as King of Scotland, James strives to bring order into the most tumultuous kingdom in Europe. He has to turn from his love, from his intellectual occupations, to punish and kill. The allies of the men whom he has sent to their death bide their time for vengeance, and they murder him in a place where a few brave women try to hold them back. Thus passes the splendor that had been crippled through the treacherous cunning of kings and statesmen and destroyed through the savagery and jealousy of ill-led men.

The love interest in the story is mild and domestic; it seems to be true enough to history (as are indeed all the incidents), but a wilder and more passionate love adventure would seem to be an essential in a book of such character and frame.

The International vs. the Local Outlook

A type of novel that is in complete contrast with *Crippled Splendour* and the other romantic and objective novels is Kay Boyle's *Monday Night*. And, on another side, in complete contrast with *Monday Night* is Stephen Vincent Benét's booklet, *Johnny Pye and the Fool Killer*. But these two last could only have been written by Americans. Readers who are always on the lookout for the great American novel, for the especially American novel, might ask themselves if the distinctive American fiction is not, on the one side, the international novel and, on the other, stories like Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* and this recent booklet by Stephen Vincent Benét — books that come out of a local, out of a folk, life.

In their very different ways the stories by Kay Boyle and Stephen Benét are, technically, highly accomplished.

What might be termed the action in *Monday Night* consists merely of telephone calls, taxi drives, and drinking in bars. Its wrapper describes it as the sort of tale Edgar Allan Poe would write if he were to come back to the world today. But, while the comparison is not impertinent, one might with equal appropriateness have imagined it as coming out of the mind of Henry James. The story deals with Americans in Europe, Americans thrown into contact with an old, complex civilization, as were Henry James's. But James's Americans were cultivated people of leisure, with a sophis-

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tication different from that of Europeans; they were, in fact, uncommon people. Kay Boyle's have a superb ordinariness; they are men with agile wits and uncultivated minds — or even uncultivated minds without the wits. The world she reveals in this story is a patternless one, where the disconnected and the inconsequential reigns, where action and thought have only a passing significance.

Monday Night belongs to a new genre of fiction and is essentially different from the classic European novel, such as that of Thackeray or Dickens, Balzac or Flaubert, Turgenev or Tolstoy, where the characters have a definite locality and a definite national life for their backgrounds. The master of this special kind of American novel is Ernest Hemingway, and *The Sun Also Rises* may be regarded, so far, as its classic. Kay Boyle is Hemingway's successor, though she has not that piercing if patternless emotion which is what we remember of Hemingway at his best. It is significant that both writers received their literary training in Paris, as did Henry James, that they are familiar with deracinates and those casual sojourners in Paris whose search is for the exciting and the momentary. Each has the observational facility of the newspaperman, with the poet's power of meditating on life; their work stands out from any other type of fiction written in any other country, in both content and technique.

Monday Night leads off with a casual encounter of two Americans in Paris — one a down-at-heel newspaperman, Wiltshire Tobin, who describes himself as a writer but who has never achieved a book; the other a Midwestern hobbledehoy, St. Bernard Lord, otherwise Birnie, who has just graduated as a doctor and who has come to Paris on a pilgrimage of his own. Wilt takes Lord in hand because the newspaperman in him somehow senses a story behind Birnie's pilgrimage to see the great toxicologist, Dr. Sylvestre; also, it happens that Wilt had had the same sort of mystic desire to meet famous writers, Anatole France and George Moore.

The story is concerned with the search for Sylvestre, and from it results a series of adventures that really do recall a Poe tale, with its strangeness and terror. But the manner of presentation is widely different. The traditional narrative manner has no place in a book like this; it does not start with a story, like the modern best sellers, or with an emotion, as does Homer; every incident comes out of some psychological complex that inheres in the characters; all that is disclosed comes out of their conversation and their actions. From the babbling of the Doctor's butler, Wilt is able to build up the toxicologist's career, though he never once comes face to face with him; from the details that the butler gives, he is able to sense the fact that Dr. Sylvestre is a frustrated man capable of avenging, in strange and even in insane ways, his own frustrations.

The art of this story recalls a superb invention in another medium, that extraordinary film that was given no successors, *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari*. Like the film, it has an eye of extraordinary range and detachment, an eye that can give a drugstore or a railway station, by its fixity, the aspect of a nightmare scene; and it has further affinity to a film in that it is really made up of a series of speech records combined into a continuity.

In the continuity that is the story, there are subsidiary stories which are a sort of symbolic comment on the main story. As Birnie is being taken to the train for Lyons, Wilt tells him an inconsequent and fantastic tale. It is about a ship's cook who is employed in Africa by butterfly hunters whose boat is drifting down a river. The cook remembers that a chief somewhere in these parts was given an American horse. He tries to land from the boat, but is repelled by a beast that starts up from beside the river. The creature has teeth like tombstones, ears like an ass, eyes like a dog and is of an immense size. To make a long story short, this is the American horse that was given the chief some years back, but the horse's lower lip has been bitten off by an alligator, thus giving to the animal a fantastically terrifying appearance.

All around us, Kay Boyle seems to imply, there are torpid alligators; they wake up from time to time and take a bite out of us, and ever after we are unrecognizable beasts. Everybody in the book, symbolically, has been bitten — except, perhaps, Birnie, who has not enough in him to get near the alligators' lairs. The power in this novel of Kay Boyle's, *Monday Night*, is such that for a while after reading it we see men and women as an unrecognizable kind of creatures.

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Authentic Folk Imagination

Stephen Vincent Benét's distinction, on the other hand, is in his ability to create characters that have the fundamental human qualities and the fixed destinies of people in a folk tale. His *Johnny Pye and the Fool Killer* reads as if it had come out of that folk America that so few know and that only a writer of consummate literary ability, like this author or Thornton Wilder in *Our Town*, can reveal — the America whose art was the sampler, whose verse was the tombstone rhyme, and whose recreations centered around the church socials, the village store, and the horse-and-buggy drive.

Johnny Pye and the Fool Killer is a story of life and death where the humor never becomes facetious and the fantasy never forced; it has a spareness like a New England landscape and the tang of a grape growing over a Connecticut fence. It is nothing but the story of an orphan boy, his life, his marriage, his few excitements — such as shaking hands with two presidents — his old age, and his end. But it is that rare thing in literature, a story that reads as if it were made not by a single writer but out of folk experience. The making of such a story calls for a combination of rare qualities, those that Oliver Goldsmith showed in *Goody Two-shoes*, fantasy and common sense, qualities only in a poet, a balance between a mystic wisdom and a common literalness, the use of usual words in a way that gives an aroma to the talk.

If a prize existed for the most characteristic American book of the year, it should be divided between Kay Boyle's *Monday Night* and Stephen Vincent Benét's *Johnny Pye and the Fool Killer*, for in both the American mind reveals itself as different from any other mind that has yet expressed itself in literature.

The praise that Stephen Vincent Benét's *Johnny Pye and the Fool Killer* is likely to receive should not be regarded as a challenge to American writers to go in earnestly for the production of "folk" literature. The American destiny in literature, it could be claimed, is more on the lines of the Henry Jameses, the Ernest Hemingways, and the Kay Boyles: in short, a line that is toward the internationalizing of literature. Anyhow, the self-conscious efforts at producing a "folk" literature that some contemporary American writers have dedicated themselves to has resulted in something that seems a synthetic concoction when compared with the folk literature of older countries. The American attempt, when self-conscious, has been only a phase in that interest in building up a past which has a parallel in colonial houses, blanket chests, shoemakers' benches, and corner cupboards. American "folk" literature is too often a confection, although minds like Stephen Vincent Benét's or Thornton Wilder's can produce it authentically. They have a real sense of the past and need not be misled by the idea that all literature has to be a revelation of the contemporary.

Atlantic

To feel the naked full keen heat of the sun
Where gulls wheel easily air and really run
Their wings across the sky and I may see
And be the roadway of their passing me.

To live within the garment of the day,
The air thrown over me and twitched away,
Dancing the dance of the seven veils as I
Lie on the burning sand and hold up the sky.

Lloyd Frankenberg

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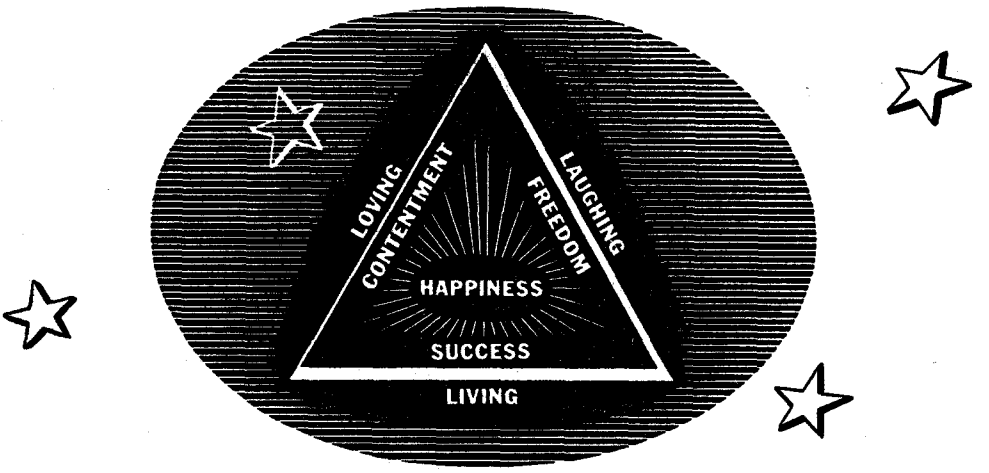
Problems in Living



by **WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON**

THIS IS your FORUM Clinic meeting, my friends; I'm answering just what you asked me, without any attempt to unify problem subjects.

RELIGIOUS QUESTIONS

SEVERAL Christian Scientists have written to correct an apparent error in my June FORUM discussion.

Mrs. James K. Sparkman, Dade, Florida, quotes chapter and verse:

> Dear Dr. Marston:
> Have just secured the June copy of FORUM and as usual turned first to your article. All went well until I reached your statement, "Christian Science teaches that your own mind is superior to matter." On page 483, line 5, of *Science and Health*, you will find this statement: "We classify disease as error, which nothing but Truth or Mind can heal, and this Mind must be divine, not human."

I stand corrected. As a psychologist I think of "your mind" as meaning, religiously, your own participation in the "Great I Am; the all-knowing, all-wise, eternal: Principle, Soul, Mind, Spirit, Life" — a definition of God quoted by Mrs. Sparkman from *Science and Health*, page 587, line 5. The essence of Christian Science teaching is a differentiation between your *real* mind or being, above described, and your mortal, or sinful, mind, which creates erroneous, destructive material ideas that have no reality.

It is interesting to note that this same teaching that humans willfully stray from the path of universal law is to be found in every important religion on the planet. It means, psychologically, that people of every mentally mature race and civilization are subconsciously aware of their own physical perversity or negativism, the "upside-downness" of their behavior in contrast to the fundamental rightness of their underlying awareness of truth.

C. A. Kitchen, World War veteran of California, writes:

> I would give my right arm if my impulses would lead me to do right. I do and say things that I know are wrong, but the words are spoken and an act committed before I know it. I always pray and ask God's forgiveness immediately after.

Not *after*, Mr. Kitchen, *before!* This contact with God, with divine mind, with your inner self, with your great I Am — or however you choose to think of it — must be practiced systematically, like any other activity, until you form the habit of seeking inner guidance each time before acting. Once this ability is developed, the amount of time required is negligible. Nor need you be barred from secret consultation with your inner source of wisdom by any disturbance or confusion which may be going on around you. Once you learn the technique of making this mental demand for guidance and once you form the habit of relying on its leadings absolutely, you will find that the rightness, the efficiency of your behavior improves tremendously.

The best technique for learning this ability differs with the individual. Prayer to God is the oldest and most generally accepted method.

I advise Clinic members to seek whatever

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form of religious training is best suited to them.

Answering inquiries, the various religious movements mentioned in a previous Clinic can be reached at the following places:

Oxford Group; 61 Gramercy Park, New York City
Unity Center; Kansas City, Kansas
I AM publications and Mr. & Mrs. Ballard; Sidelar Studios, 2600 South Hoover Street, Los Angeles, California

Lie-Detector Tests

MANY CLINIC members have asked advice about a problem succinctly stated by E. L. A., Pennsylvania.

> In August my wife and I celebrate our tenth wedding anniversary. We have been very happy with one exception. Early in our married life I strayed, my wife discovered; result — lack of full confidence upon her part of my fidelity since then. My experience was a dear lesson, but it *taught* me, and I haven't strayed since. I believe if I could convince her of my fidelity through your Lie Detector, our happiness would be complete. Can this be done?

Yes. I have tested many cases of this type with consistently satisfactory results. The lie detector reveals the truth about vital questions of fact which have led to marital doubts and suspicions. The impersonal, scientific nature of this test convinces a suspicious spouse as no amount of argument or ordinary evidence can do. It restores mutual trust if the suspected one is truthful or brings to a definite issue of personality readjustment the case of a married person who is cheating. I recommend it heartily on the basis of results obtained. I shall be glad to arrange tests of this nature if the individuals concerned can come to New York City. Dr. John A. Larson, Recorder's Court Clinic, Detroit, is a lie-detection expert of great experience and ability. Or, if you live near any first-class university I suggest that you seek the services of some member of the psychology department who specializes in this work.

A. R. Buchanan of Chicago asks information about the origin of the psychogalvanometer, which has been widely publicized as a new invention. The principle of this instrument was discovered in 1820 by Oersted, who found that a magnetic needle would turn at a right angle to an electric current placed above or below it, the movement of the needle thus measuring the strength of the current. In the same year Schweigger devised a piece of practical apparatus applying this principle to actual test work. Subsequent galvanometers, including the string galvanometer made by Professor Einthoven in 1901 and the galvanometer perfected a few years later and now used in the psychological laboratories which employ the radio-tube method of amplification, represent refinements and developments of the original apparatus. No new galvanometer nor any basic change in any older form of the instrument has been made for the purpose of lie detection; it is the same apparatus used for the same sweat-gland, emotional-response test which was thoroughly investigated more than a generation ago in the laboratories of French, German, English, and American universities. It was found unreliable for deception testing twenty years ago, during the World War, and remains equally unreliable today.

Mother Menace

MISS ANON, of Ohio, writes:

> I am a teacher, 36, with B.S. and M.A. degrees. My mother is 72, crippled but able to control the household from her wheel-chair. She is independent, hard to please, has a fiery temper and is inclined to be jealous. She is very pleasant when getting her way, but sullen and silent when not. Has always been bossy and tried to make me do as she said. She criticizes most of the people I bring to the house. I was living very happily in an apartment with a fellow teacher of congenial tastes when it became necessary to bring my father and mother here and move in with them to give them proper care. When my former apartment mate came to call, mother quarreled with her furiously. She ordered her from the house. I cannot even mention my friend's name here at home. If I want to go out to see her I have to lie about where I am going to avoid an impossible scene. Last week I had an opportunity to spend a vacation with a friend in a lovely cottage at the shore, but mother flew into a rage, said she would sue my friend for slander. So I gave it up. My mother opposes the university work which I have to do for advancement in my profession — she calls it "trash." Perhaps you can sense the strain I feel — what can you suggest?

What a ghastly travesty on mother love and filial loyalty! I wouldn't believe any mother could act like that if I hadn't advised so many sons and daughters in similar situations. I suggest this: go back to real living. Hire a practical nurse or a housekeeper-companion. Get away from that terrific old tyrant if it takes the last penny you have and the last ounce of emotional resistance you can summon from the depths of self-respect. Your mother is hurting you irreparably, and she is hurting herself. It isn't helping her for you to play

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victim to her senile Nero. Remain filial, loyal — yes; do everything within your power to care for and support your parents. But, if your mother wants to enjoy your company, make her pay for it by being a *mother*, not a self-intoxicated dictator. You owe it to her — and to yourself — to retain your mental health, your undiminished earning capacity, and your happiness.

Mrs. M. R. O., of Michigan:

> I have enjoyed your Clinical discussions and have received much helpful information. But my personal problem is not solved. I married a divorced man with two boys, age 7 and 9. I realized that he possessed many fine qualities, but was weak in that he allowed his mother to dominate him in every way possible. Very soon we were both quite miserable. He would not go to the theatre or go for a ride with me without telling his mother — almost asking her for permission. We decided on a cottage to rent but his mother made him look for another place. His mother selects his clothing for him and tells me what I should wear, etc. We lived in our own house and were happy — then I was taken ill and after that his mother made him move in with her. The boys asked Daddy please not to; they had nothing but fear and hatred in their little hearts for "Grandma." But it was all to no avail. I have absolutely no say-so in the family. She manages everything. I adore the boys but she tells me that they are not babies and do not need my attention. My husband tells me he has hated his mother ever since he can remember, that his childhood was a nightmare. But he says he owes her so much he cannot move into a home of our own. If I leave him he says he will drink himself to death and the poor children will never know a mother's love or the joys of childhood. Oh, can you help me, Doctor?

I think so. Stand up in your shoes and present an ultimatum — you go out and get a house of your own. Your husband either moves into it with you or you quit. Make up your mind firmly to carry out your threat if necessary. Your situation is not so difficult, since the boys are not your own, though you love them dearly. They are not your creation, and if you have to leave them you need feel no moral regret. You are doing no good to anyone in your present situation. You are not serving anyone by remaining in it. The only result you are producing is the overwhelming of your own personality and the sacrifice of your inalienable human right to *live*.

If you are forced to leave your husband, give him a reasonable period after the separation to learn his mistake and escape from his mother fixation. If he cannot force himself to throw off the shackles of obsessing maternal domination within a year or so, you are entitled to seek love, marital and maternal, elsewhere, with proper legal provisions. In case this course of action eventuates, be sure to have children, your own if possible, adopted babies if necessary. You are a real mother or you wouldn't have striven so long and so courageously to comfort and protect his children.

And P. A. F., of Massachusetts, has a problem which parental influence bids fair to decide the wrong way.

> I have been interested in your articles in THE FORUM for some time and I feel that your counsel, and that of your readers, is filling a real need. I have a real problem. A year ago I was a young man with good prospects and sound physique, with strong interest in outdoor sports. I was engaged to a girl of similar tastes. Then came a motorcycle accident which was to change my whole life. I had to face life without my legs, which were amputated through the knees, as was also my right hand. The first shock of finding myself a cripple has left me somewhat stunned but full of dogged fight. But should I allow my fiancée to become tied to me, regardless of my handicap? Her parents and friends are very much opposed to our marriage. She, herself, is very much determined to go through with it. We love each other now, just as we did before. My doctor advises there is no reason why I should not marry and have a family of normal children. What do you advise?

If your girl, my friend, has a strongly developed, maternal type of personality, I advise you both to marry. In this case I have every sympathy with the girl's parents. They object to the marriage for her sake, not their own. They conclude, on logical grounds, that a husband who is not physically sound and active cannot make their daughter happy. But on psychological grounds I disagree. One of the happiest marriages I know links together a crippled husband and a charming, beautiful wife. She is both wife and mother to him. He worships her, is utterly loyal, depends on her physically and emotionally. The petty price she pays in sacrifice of pride and appearances is compensated a hundredfold in tenderness and the joy of giving. No woman can be completely happy unless she owns her mate body and soul through the power of self-giving, and I can think of few marital situations where a wife can even approximate this ideal experience. But here we have one. Marry the girl, by all means, if she truly desires you as a husband. Devote yourself with all the new found strength of your compensation for physical handicaps to the task of pleasing her, serving her, *belonging* to her. Such a one will never dominate you selfishly.

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Should We Have UNIVERSAL FINGERPRINTING?

A Debate

I — For Public Safety and Convenience

***by* LEWIS A. VALENTINE**

THERE ARE many manifestations of the public interest in the need of some infallible system of personal identification. The increasing complexities of our modern civilization, with rapid transportation and a fast floating population — created by disturbed economic conditions, erosion, and the advent of the trailer — make such a system an urgent social necessity.

In practically every European country this problem has long been recognized. You who have traveled know how accurately and expeditiously individual identity is ascertained by foreign authorities. Because of our heterogeneous population, far-flung coast lines and relatively unprotected borders contribute to our wartime problem on the home front in combating the spy and *saboteur*.

In our country an almost overwhelming burden has been placed on the police to locate and identify, out of our vast transient population, not only the criminal but missing persons, including relations of the insane and those who abandon families to become public charges. Also, they must identify the unknown dead, suicides, and victims of amnesia, aphasia, and major catastrophes. In 1937 the Missing Persons Bureau of the New York City Police Department investigated 32,350 cases. During the same year over 3,000 bodies were buried in potter's field. Consider also the fundamental function of the police to protect life and property and prevent crime, detect and arrest offenders, etc., and you have some idea of the magnitude of the undertaking.

In New York State the power and duty is imposed on the police to take fingerprints of every person arrested for a felony or an attempt to commit a felony; for unlawfully using, carrying or possessing a pistol or dangerous weapon; for making or possessing burglars' tools; for unlawful entry; for aiding escape; for unlawfully possessing or distributing habit-forming drugs; and for jostling. Of the many thousands of criminal offenses, in only these few instances are the police empowered to fingerprint. This is undoubtedly true, in varying degrees, of every State in the Union. To supplant the haphazard methods now employed, a compulsory universal identification system is urgently needed, not alone for more effective police administration but in the interest of national security and for the protection of our citizens at home and abroad.

The precision with which the criminal is identified by means of fingerprints is well known to the public, with the result that fingerprint identification is regarded as infallible. It has long been accepted in the courts as competent evidence of identification.

Business and industry have envisioned the possibilities of the fingerprint in making positive identification and thereby preventing misrepresentation, fraud, and unethical practices.

An internationally known sculptor has chosen this method of identifying her works for posterity. Her fingerprints are placed on her sculptures, and the authenticity of her works is easily established by a check with the Non-Criminal Fingerprint Register at the New York City police headquarters, where more than 200,000 farseeing persons have voluntarily submitted their fingerprints. If Michelangelo, Rembrandt, or Stradivarius, the violin maker of Cremona, were alive and could see how extensively their works have been counterfeited, they would endorse such a system of identification.

It is a common practice, now, for maternity hospitals to take impressions of the hands and feet of newborn infants.

Banks and the United States Postal Savings System have been using a combination of a

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written signature plus fingerprints, made and taken in the presence of the teller, with great success.

During the World War the federal government fingerprinted over 5,000,000 men for the army and navy. As a result, many of our heroic dead were identified and honorably interred, and government pensions paid their dependents.

In New York City, applicants for licenses, prospective civil-service employees, hack drivers, etc., are fingerprinted and investigated, for greater public protection.

Thus today there is a definite trend toward some system of universal compulsory fingerprinting as the ideal solution of the growing problem of anonymity. This movement has been accelerated to some degree recently by the federal government, in fingerprinting all civil-service employees.

Of course the public is familiar enough with fingerprinting to know that there are no two identical fingerprints; that fingerprints never change and are not inherited; and that the technique of taking impressions, classifying, etc., is simple, inexpensive, and convenient. It is not the purpose of this article to give a detailed description of the science.

II

THE BENEFITS that would accrue from compulsory universal fingerprinting are manifold. It would lower the number of unidentified dead and release vast sums of insurance to beneficiaries. It would aid in the rehabilitation of wayward, delinquent, or runaway youths who, through obstinacy or shame, seek to hide their true identity on their initial contact with the law over minor offenses, by facilitating their return to their families. It would relieve the anguish and suspense of mothers, fathers, wives, children, and sweethearts by an accurate identification of the victims of major catastrophes, of aphasia, amnesia, etc. It would increase the efficiency of relief administration, preventing fraud and duplication. It would reduce income-tax evasion, illegal voting, illegal entrance into the country, and the issuance of false passports and would prove an effective weapon in combating the preponderance of crime in the United States as compared with countries employing some method of personal identification. It would aid greatly in the mobilization of our national man power in time of war or other national emergency and materially frustrate the spy and *saboteur*.

The operation of such a system, while a gigantic undertaking, could benefit by the present facilities of over 11,000 law-enforcement agencies now taking and forwarding fingerprints to a central bureau at Washington. A project of this type would gainfully employ many now on relief rolls.

There is to be anticipated, from certain groups, organized and highly articulate opposition to such a proposal. Some well-meaning citizens will be vaguely apprehensive that the system would be used as an instrument of police oppression or as a medium for the establishment of black lists. This opposition is to be expected, as there were reactionary groups which opposed every progressive measure in history, and some are still voicing disapproval of compulsory education, vaccination, and the compilation and analysis of vital statistics, as invasions of their private rights.

However, there does seem to be a common belief that fingerprinting connotes criminality. To any fair-minded persons, this is manifestly absurd.

In a very recent case tried in New York City, a judge, in accepting a plea of guilty and suspending sentence thereon, replied to the protestations of the defense attorney to the fingerprinting of his client, as follows: "There is no disgrace in being fingerprinted. I had my fingerprints taken, and my children had theirs taken."

To overcome popular misapprehensions regarding compulsory universal fingerprinting, it might be suggested that the project be divorced entirely from police work and be handled by a civil governmental agency based on the functioning of the federal Bureau of Vital Statistics. In this bureau are compiled records of births and deaths forwarded from each of the 48 States, which in turn have legislation requiring that a record of all births and deaths and pertinent information in connection therewith be made and forwarded to a centralized State agency.

It is difficult for the honest, law-abiding citizen to reconcile the objections of those who oppose universal fingerprinting with the existent facts. To the civic-minded person it is an added assurance of individual liberty.

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In this regard it is interesting to note that not long ago in New York City a man was arrested, arraigned in court, and released on bail. Subsequently the bail was forfeited, and the bondsman caused the apprehension of the supposed bail-jumper, who indignantly denied that he was the individual previously arrested. He admitted, however, that he had been previously arrested for a crime and readily agreed to submit to fingerprinting. His fingerprint record substantiated his statement, proved his identity, and definitely cleared him of the charge.

Recently the perpetrator of a triple homicide in New York City was the subject of an intensive and wide-flung man hunt. The crime was highly sensational, and the details of the crime and the picture of the suspect were much publicized. The police department presently was deluged with telegrams from other authorities in various parts of the country announcing the arrest of the fugitive and requesting fingerprints, as the arrests had been made on photographic identification only. Yet, despite the fact that the fugitive had been confined in a mental hospital for several years, no fingerprints were available. This resulted in the detention of many innocent persons for days before they could establish their identity. We never know when we may need our fingerprints to distinguish us from every other person in the world.

Proponents of universal fingerprinting do not hold that it is a panacea for social ills or a crime cure-all. It will, however, provide for our people, in these troubled and hazardous times, an effective means of establishing their identity. It will aid law-enforcement agencies tremendously in stemming the rising tide of criminality and promote a greater national safety in wartime. The sentiment in favor of universal fingerprinting has gained tremendously in strength since the World War and merits the sober consideration of our people.

II — A Threat to Personal Liberty

by MORRIS L. ERNST

Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine is the outstanding police official in the United States. In his own field it would be difficult to debate with him. But I should be less than truthful if I did not indicate that no police official or district attorney can possibly be objective on a problem of personal liberty such as fingerprinting. All enforcement officers of necessity — and often subconsciously — lose sight of the one great contribution which we of the United States have made to the history of the world. I refer to the democratic process.

Although democracy depends primarily on an open trade in ideas and a complete absence of censorship of ideas, nevertheless it carries, as a concomitant to a free market in thought, the right of human beings to roam their own earth. In Europe we find a myriad of armed borders, passports, tariffs, and governmental regulations which prevent human beings from traveling where they will. Before the war, American citizens roamed the world without the need of even procuring a passport.

An essential of our nationalism lies in the fact that we can travel from State to State without identifications or governmental hindrances. It is now proposed to introduce an un-American system, namely: the compulsory national fingerprinting of every citizen from birth to old age.

In itself there is no serious objection to the great cost to the government and to the time wasted by individuals in repeated thumb photography. But the purpose of fingerprinting is not satisfied merely in creating a vast catalogue of thumbprints. We must look behind the bare proposal and first examine the reasons advanced for national fingerprinting, then consider the implications which are seldom disclosed.

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II

WE ARE NOW TOLD that it would be valuable to fingerprint every one of our 120,000,000 inhabitants. The reasons given are:

1. Thousands of people are reported to the missing-persons bureaus of the various police departments, and thousands of unidentified bodies are buried in potter's fields throughout the land. It would be sweet to locate these persons.

If every one of us were fingerprinted in 1938, we are told, these missing persons would be found.

Is it not obvious that no single missing person would be found merely because the record of his thumb is contained in some cabinet? In order to locate a missing person in 1939 it will be necessary to provide means by which all hotels and other places of habitation can be revisited with compulsory fingerprinting.

But what if our missing man cannot be so located? The next step will be to provide that people crossing State lines must give up their fingerprints or that persons renting new apartments or homes must supply fingerprints. How else could these missing persons be located unless their initial fingerprints were checked up against their fingerprints obtained at a later time, while the individuals are traveling the land as missing persons?

Frequently the answer to the missing-persons problem is beclouded by the grief of the family that is left in dismay, but should we not consider, in part, the anguish of the poor missing devil who would rather lead the life of an outcast than continue to survive in what to him is an objectionable emotional environment? After all, what harm does it do if persons want to live as missing persons and shake off an uncomfortable past?

2. It is said that we could detect criminals with greater ease if there were national fingerprinting.

That would be true only provided we had annual refingerprinting of the nation or in case we had constant and repeated refingerprinting as and when people moved into new jobs or new homes. In order to catch missing criminals by such a constant process of interference with personal privilege, not only the suspected criminals but the entire nation would have to be regimented by thumb. We cannot ask only the suspects to step up to the camera for identification.

Assuming that by a shocking national inconvenience of fingerprinting we could catch a few of the missing criminals, we might still ask: Is it worth the price? Are we not lulling ourselves into innocent ineptness by thinking that the answer to our shocking criminal record lies in national annual compulsory fingerprinting? Police officials and district attorneys invariably lay too much emphasis on detections and captures and too little on the causes of crime. The present District Attorney of New York County is trying his best to fill up our jails, totally ignoring the fact that every twenty years during the last century similar crusades have been undertaken — but to no enduring avail.

I submit that, if we turned out every criminal from our prisons tomorrow, the crime rate in the nation would not be appreciably increased. I have as authority for this general statement one of the great former wardens of Sing Sing prison. The statement is true because the difference between a criminal and a convict is usually in the chances of a lawsuit, the unfairness of a prosecutor, or the haphazard efficiency of the police. We have all committed crimes — only some of us have not been caught, or the crimes we have committed (such as raising the price of milk or of pots and pans) are not considered socially very objectionable.

I dislike the theory of compulsory fingerprinting primarily because, if it were accomplished, it would draw public attention away from the causes of crime — for instance, bad food, disgraceful slums, and unintelligent education — and make us feel that crime diminishes in proportion to the amount of it which is detected.

3. It is suggested that great artists and others have used fingerprints as a method of identifying their works and hence no stigma should attach to the proposal.

I have no objection to anyone's using fingerprinting if he is not compelled to do so by law or by public sanction expressed by police and other officials; but certainly no point can be made from the fact that an isolated sculptor has used a thumbprint instead of a signature.

4. The fact that the army has used fingerprinting at times is relatively insignificant.

It is often said that doers of heroic deeds in the trenches have been identified solely by finger-

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print records. I am always happy to know that heroism is properly rewarded. But I might also point out that the heroes who were opposed to the last war and maintained honest convictions as conscientious objectors received, if you please, no kudos from the public; and compulsory national fingerprinting would not have identified those unclaimed heroes who cherished inner integrity more than a breastful of gold medals.

5. All the specific arguments in favor of compulsory fingerprinting invariably point to the value of the process in relation to the criminal law. Once in a while someone is really honest and lets the cat out of the bag and maintains that the true value of fingerprinting lies in its relation to black lists of employees and the free migration of our people over the entire nation.

It is interesting to note that the American Bankers Association, the United States Chamber of Commerce, and various other organizations of a similar nature have been in the forefront in the movement for national fingerprinting. The main points these proponents make, in addition to urging more efficient detection of crime, are that: (a) amnesia victims could be identified and (b) fingerprints would serve as proof of "good standing" in the community.

As to amnesia victims — without trying to be humorous, I say, "Forget it." No one can seriously urge a vast regimentation of all our people in order to get hold of a few who lose their memories.

When it comes to asking for fingerprinting in order that we can test "good standing" in the community, we come to the real vice involved. Good standing usually means conformity. No real poet, no prophet is ever in good standing.

III

I AM WILLING to admit that, if Commissioner Valentine were forever and a day to be put in charge of the fingerprinting process, I should have no great fear that he would use it to destroy democracy. Nevertheless I should be against even Commissioner Valentine's having the power, because he may change, and, in any event, he won't live forever.

He must know better than anyone in the country just how fingerprinting could be abused. He knows how red-baiting campaigns could thrive on those records; he knows how citizens could be embarrassed and incarcerated, pending the taking of second fingerprints to be checked against the originals in the cabinets in some far distant locality. He also knows that criminals do not escape the law primarily because they cannot be caught. I am confident that he must agree that more criminals are let out by jurors because they are reluctant to convict under a system such as ours, with outrageously long criminal sentences, than escape the law by never being caught. The probable number of definitely antisocial criminals who are never apprehended has never been clearly determined in mathematical form. It must be negligible in size. The number is grossly exaggerated in the public mind because of newspaper headlines about a particular bandit or a particular kidnaper. What of the far greater number who escape because the average man on the jury resents the persecuting attitude of the cops and the bloodthirsty, headline-seeking attitude of the prosecutor?

It would be no time before the chief administrator of a national fingerprinting system would find his blood flowing with dictator corpuscles. We should be told that it is necessary to have fingerprinting in hotels, on governmental licenses, at the time of opening bank or store accounts, when we get jobs or apply for work, and even at the time we buy bus or railroad tickets.

Let us assume that some antisocial people are not caught within the meshes of the law. I should far rather have them stay at large than place the American public in a position where it would suffer such a loss in the constant battle for personal liberty.

Bigotries against racial, religious, or economic groups would thrive under such a fingerprinting system. Small and unpopular movements for personal liberty, such as the abolitionists of 1850, could never gain headway in their educational movements if fingerprinting became a national pattern.

With the world gone mad toward dictatorship, with this nation opposed to dictatorship of left, right, or middle, it is essential that we resent and reject this fingerprinting propaganda. Peculiarly at this time in the world's history, the suggestion for compulsory national fingerprinting should be resisted as un-American and contrary to our basic tradition of personal liberty.

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The Forum Quiz

Most people get pleasure out of testing themselves to see how many odd facts they know. This monthly FORUM Quiz will be designed to please them but not to measure their intelligence. The questions should not be difficult for the average person to answer, and the Editors will change the form of the questions from time to time—for variety's sake. A good score this month, counting 2½ points for each question correctly answered, is 70 (answers on page XII of advertising section).

1. *The pocket-sized impresario who will put on one of his supercolossal extravaganzas for New York's 1939 World's Fair is:*
(1) *Max Gordon* (2) *George Abbott* (3) *Billy Rose* (4) *Man Mountain Dean*

2. *The English, if not the sensible, pronunciation of the name Cholmondeley happens to be:*
(1) *Chol-mond'-ly* (2) *Chum'-ly* (3) *Chol-mond'-de-lay*

3. *The person who said that the way to conquer a temptation is to yield to it was:*
(1) *George Bernard Shaw* (2) *Oscar Wilde* (3) *George Jean Nathan*

4. *The line "a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose" is probably:*
(1) *typographical error*
(2) *what a florist murmurs in his sleep*
(3) *a puzzling line by Gertrude Stein*

5. *The football team of the University of Wisconsin is ordinarily referred to as:*
(1) *the Wolverines* (2) *the Boilermakers* (3) *the Badgers*

6. *The words "to let the punishment fit the crime" occur in:*
(1) *a well-known dictum of Warden Lawes*
(2) *a phrase in Mr. Roosevelt's holding-company bill*
(3) *a verse from "The Mikado"*

7. *If someone were suddenly to give you an enchilada, you would:*
(1) *admit defeat, ask your second to dress the wound*
(2) *accept the honor, with thanks*
(3) *eat it, with pleasure*

8. *When anybody speaks of the "junior league" you think of:*
(1) *the minor professional baseball clubs*
(2) *an association of well-to-do young ladies*
(3) *those countries now withdrawn from the League of Nations*

9. *In one of these sentences the word "howdah" is used correctly:*
(1) *"Howdah do?" said Richard Whitney to Warden Lawes.*
(2) *"Nothing like a howdah to keep these tropical insects off the table."*
(3) *"Riding in a howdah is better than walking in that jungle!"*

10. *If George Biddle were to invite you to his home, in all probability he would show you:*
(1) *his collection of golf trophies*
(2) *his race-horse stables*
(3) *some of his sketches and water colors*

11. *A "Crossley report" would show you:*
(1) *that your blood pressure was too high or low*
(2) *what your credit rating is*
(3) *how many people listen to your radio program*

12. *"Danger Is My Business" is the title of an exciting book by one John D. Craig, who is:*
(1) *a former U. S. spy* (2) *a duPont explosives expert*
(3) *an American flyer in Spain* (4) *a movie stunt man*

13. *Doubtless you recall the name of the poem, but who is the author of—*

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

(1) *Mayor LaGuardia of New York* (2) *John Donne*
(3) *William Blake* (4) *William Wordsworth*

14. *That well-nigh legendary stage veteran who was recently signed for the movies by Dave Selznick happens to be:*
(1) *Cissie Loftus* (2) *Maude Adams* (3) *David Warfield*

15. *The newspaper with the largest daily circulation in America is:*
(1) *the New York Times* (2) *the Chicago Tribune* (3) *the New York Daily News*

16. *One of these best-selling writers is known as being ordinarily genial but having a great capacity for indignation and rage:*
(1) *Kenneth L. Roberts* (2) *Dale Carnegie* (3) *Booth Tarkington*

17. *One of these artists painted pictures with large amounts of blue in them, followed by later pictures with pink or rose:*
(1) *Cézanne* (2) *Picasso* (3) *Modigliani*

18. *Whether you are susceptible to his charms or not, you ought to know that Clark Gable's real name is:*
(1) *Arlington Brugh* (2) *Clark Gable* (3) *George Clark*

19. *In Tennyson's poem, Galahad had the strength of ten because:*
(1) *he drank hard cider every night* (2) *his heart was pure*
(3) *he didn't smoke, drink, or stay out late*
(4) *his thrust was sure*

20. *"Jive talk" is the practically incomprehensible:*
(1) *slang of safe-crackers and members of the underworld*
(2) *pig Latin used by circus men to confuse rural cops*
(3) *language of swing musicians and jitterbugs*

21. *If one of those sudden rains were to come up during your first visit to California, a native would probably say:*
(1) *"This is certainly unusual for this time of year."*

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(2) *"Well, you've got to expect lots of rain in California."*
(3) *"How about a highball?"*
(4) *"It's usually dusty at this time."*

22. *During your visit to Colorado this summer, did you learn which one of these statements is true?*
(1) *Pike's Peak is the highest peak in Colorado.*
(2) *Pike's Peak was named for the great fur trader, Alonzo P. Pike.*
(3) *There are about a dozen peaks higher than Pike's in Colorado.*

23. *The Editor of "Collier's Magazine" is:*
(1) *George Creel* (2) *William L. Chenery*
(3) *Wesley Winans Stout* (4) *Paul Gallico*

24. *Don't look now, but that $5 bill in your wallet bears the portrait of:*
(1) *George Washington* (2) *Abraham Lincoln*
(3) *Alexander Hamilton*

25. *Henry Armstrong is considered by most sports writers to be:*
(1) *a boxer of amazing speed and skill*
(2) *a golfer with a phenomenally long drive*
(3) *the best badminton player in the country*

26. *One of these top-ranking photographers is known for his studies of sand dunes and the desert:*
(1) *Edward Weston* (2) *Edward Steichen*
(3) *Anton Bruehl*

27. *Ohio is ordinarily known as:*
(1) *the Blue Grass State* (2) *the Buckeye State*
(3) *the Keystone State*

28. *If a poet or a streetcar conductor were suddenly to thrust this verse under your nose —*

By the time you swear you're his
Shivering and sighing,
And he vows his passion is
Infinite, undying —
Lady, make a note of this:
One of you is lying.

— you'd say it was written by:
(1) *Don Marquis* (2) *Will Cuppy* (3) *Dorothy Parker*
(4) *Edgar A. Guest*

29. *If you were to visit Hyde Park these days, the President would doubtless show you his latest enthusiasm:*
(1) *his stamp books* (2) *his 5-room cottage retreat*
(3) *his private collection of G.O.P. scalps*
(4) *worn-out firesides used in fireside chats*

30. *The person who said that whoever marries gives hostage to fortune was:*
(1) *Count Haugwitz-Reventlow* (2) *Lord Chesterfield*
(3) *Greta Garbo* (4) *Francis Bacon*

31. *Fill in the next line in the poem "Mandalay," by Rudyard Kipling —*

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a settin' . . .

(1) *with a baby on 'er knee*
(2) *and I know she thinks o' me*
(3) *just a-waitin' for 'er tea*
(4) *calmly lookin' out to sea*

32. *One of the following is an example of a malapropism:*
(1) *"If you wanna stand on this corner, you gotta keep moving."*
(2) *"Will you please repeat that again?"*
(3) *"You go first, and I'll precede you."*
(4) *"A verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's written on."*

33. *Chicago is commonly referred to as:*
(1) *the Windy City* (2) *the Hub*
(3) *the Cream-Puff City* (4) *Halfway to Heaven*

34. *The New York Stock Exchange has a new president with a long name:*
(1) *Arthur Curtiss James* (2) *Lewis Yelland Andrews*
(3) *William McChesney Martin, Jr.*

35. *To win the World's Series, your team must win:*
(1) *at least 4 games out of 7* (2) *5 games out of 9*
(3) *5 games out of 8*

36. *Any astrologer worth his salt knows that if you are born between August 23 and September 22 you are under the sign of:*
(1) *Taurus* (2) *Scorpio* (3) *Sagittarius* (4) *Gemini*
(5) *Virgo*

37. *"It's All Adventure" is the name of an autobiographical book by:*
(1) *Peter Freuchen* (2) *Elsa Maxwell*
(3) *Franklin D. Roosevelt*

38. *Times Square in New York is often referred to by cynics as:*
(1) *a poor place to learn to drive an auto*
(2) *the double-crossroads of America*
(3) *where Greek meets Greek*

39. *Lord Tweedsmuir, the able Governor-General of Canada, is also known to many people as:*
(1) *a distinguished physician to the King of England*
(2) *a former Chancellor of the Exchequer*
(3) *the owner of the racing horse Reynoldstown*
(4) *a novelist, using the name John Buchan*

40. *The 1940 Olympics are going to be held, not in Tokyo as planned, but in:*
(1) *Prague* (2) *Helsingfors* (3) *Rome*
(4) *Punxsutawney, Pa.*

Do you think these questions are too hard? Too easy? What type of question do you prefer? The Editors will be interested to learn readers' opinions about the FORUM Quiz and will try to mold it to suit their taste.

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The New Father

ANONYMOUS

WELL, ANYWAY, *I'll* never think of you as Mrs. Cummings! To me you'll always be Mrs. Armstrong!"

This was the cry that Jim, the ten-year-old son of my first marriage, flung at me a few weeks after I had married Stuart.

His bitterness was hard for me to understand. From the moment of their first meeting, Jim had shown a marked attachment to Stuart. He tagged him about like an eager puppy, adoration written all over his face.

This warm relation between the two men in my life — son and future husband — seemed a sure guarantee of happiness for all three of us.

Jim and his own father had not been affectionate most of the eight years they lived under the same roof. But consistently I had tried to spare the child as much as I possibly could of the unpleasantness that characterized that first marriage. I stood between him and a great many of the noisy scenes. I learned to sense in advance when they were brewing and to slip him off out of the way. I became expert at covering the evidence, whitewashing the facts, singing a gay tune, or cracking a joke to make Jim feel that all was well with his little world.

But I was not able to conceal everything. Often Jim went to bed in tears over a run-in with his father. At school he was sometimes unable to concentrate on his work after a breakfast table set-to.

There had been the dreadful time when young Jim burst in on me, flung himself into a chair, and demanded between clenched teeth, "When are you going to divorce that man?" He was only six, and I did not know that he had ever heard the word. Certainly it had never been discussed in his presence.

I tried to discourage such outbursts for I felt that discipline demanded a boy's according his father loyalty and respect. So I never permitted myself to criticize Rian or allowed Jim to do so. On the contrary I soothed over many a hurt moment with assurances that "Daddy didn't mean anything; you mustn't be so sensitive, Jim; you're imagining things."

When the final break came, I did not discuss the whys and wherefores of it with Jim. He was so very young — only eight. I wanted him to be happy and unburdened. I knew that, subconsciously at least, he carried the emotional scars of remembered pain. A policy of dignified silence on my part would, I hoped, help him to forget.

I rather prided myself on my "civilized" attitude toward divorce. The separated-but-still-the-best-of-friends idea had come into vogue. Inwardly a woman might be terribly hurt and disillusioned. But outwardly she carried the thing off lightly, with a touch of gallantry and good sportsmanship. Her head was bloody but unbowed. Articulate resentment, open hostility, or even a suspicion of self-consciousness in connection with an ex-husband was considered poor form. So, as far as Jim could see, his mother and father were still on the best of terms.

MY SECOND MARRIAGE

AT THAT TIME I had no intention of marrying again. I knew that Jim needed a father. But I also knew that a home founded on anything except the mutual love and respect of two parents is emotionally inadequate for a child. And I was not in love.

But when I met Stuart I discovered that in marrying him I should not only be presenting Jim with a new father but should also be giving him a new mother — a mother who was su-

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premely in love with that father. It is a child's truest guarantee of security.

Stuart did not try to pretend in advance of our marriage that he felt fatherly toward Jim. "I love *you*," he told me. "I'm fond of Jim. But I'm not marrying you in order to acquire a son. I'm going to do everything in my power to make ours a happy family. But I'm marrying you because I love you. And I'd love you if you had no children or sixteen!"

It disturbed me because I could not make him say that he loved Jim. I thought of all the terrible old stepfather bugaboos. Then I remembered that Jim's own father, who had presumably loved him, had let him down rather badly.

I decided to trust Stuart's honest liking for the boy. Besides, it was only fair to leave some of the responsibility for our happiness as a family up to Jim himself. It would not do him any harm to earn Stuart's love, instead of simply inheriting it.

I was startled at Jim's first reaction when I told him that Stuart and I were going to be married. Instead of whooping with joy, as I had expected, he bridled. He admitted that he liked Stuart. He was delighted that Stuart would come to live with us. But something still troubled him. "Couldn't you be married to two men at the same time?" he finally faltered. "Gee, I want Stuart for my father. But I want Daddy, too."

Bewildered, I stared at him. Was childish memory so short? Had he forgotten his unhappiness, his tears, his actual fear of his father? Had he forgotten the time when he asked me whether I didn't know any other man whom we could go to live with instead of Daddy?

I should have faced the issue with him then and there. I should have cleared up his childish confusion as to the issues involved in my divorce. But I didn't. This was a "civilized" divorce. To the modern divorcee, it is not cricket to voice anything like criticism of the other parent.

"No, I'm afraid it's against the law to be married to two men at the same time," I said lightly. "Besides, it's been two years now since I was married to Daddy. Stuart is going to make us both awfully happy, Jim. We must try to make him happy, too."

Informed of Jim's reaction to our approaching marriage, Stuart talked to him sensibly that evening: "See here, Jim; I'm not your father. I wish I were. It would make me very proud. But I'm not. I'm not even going to pretend to be. Nobody can ever take your father away from you. He's your father and always will be. So that's that."

And Jim seemed content.

Disruptive Factors

So Stuart and I were married.

Jim saved his allowance and bought me my wedding handkerchief. He was Stuart's best man and held the ring with solemn concentration.

Stuart had decided against our going away on a honeymoon. Jim needed us, he said, and it would not do to start our new family venture by leaving him.

And Jim yelled like a tomahawked Indian in the middle of our wedding night, and Stuart, who wasn't yet accustomed to the furniture in the room, fell over a rocking chair and all but broke a leg getting to him.

But soon Jim's night terrors were a thing of the past. He was positive he had a protector on whom he could count.

But it was one thing for Jim to find Stuart a bulwark against dangers that threatened from without. It was another thing to accept him as a guarantee of emotional security, threatened from within and already badly shaken by experiences of earlier childhood.

Jim's pendulumlike reaction toward Stuart puzzled us. He was alternately intimate and aloof, now drawing close with a sort of hungry eagerness, now swinging abruptly away again. Psychology calls this ambivalence — the quality of possessing conflicting emotions, such as love and hate, for the same person. A certain amount of this is normal to childhood. But Jim's was exaggerated. Plainly it was causing the child secret unhappiness. It was as if he wanted to accept his new father and yet was prevented by some inner emotional conflict over which he had no control.

Has Daddy ever met Stuart?

Do they like each other?

What is Stuart going to give Daddy for Christmas?

These are the sort of questions Jim asked me from time to time. They indicated his confusion over our four-sided relationship. I took

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them to mean that he was eager that friendly relations should exist among the adults in his environment and I answered him accordingly.

Jim was seeing more of his father since my second marriage. For some time their visits had lapsed, but now his father showed a renewed interest in the boy, actuated probably by curiosity. According to the provisions of the divorce agreement, he was entitled to see Jim one day a week. For months he had not availed himself of that right. But now he wished me to let him have the boy for week ends. Jim seemed anxious to go. Stuart and I felt that he should be given perfect freedom to do so. Neither of us wanted him to feel that we had ever stood between him and his father.

It was from one of these week ends, a month or so after our marriage, that Jim walked in on Sunday evening far later than the hour agreed on for his return. He acted about as cordial as a porcupine.

When Stuart went up to his room to say good-night and tell him it was good to have him home again, the storm broke.

"It will never seem like home to me until my father lives here with us," Jim cried, and broke into tears.

Stuart came down to me looking as if he had been knifed.

I remember thinking, in that bleak moment when it would seem that I had very little over which to rejoice: *He does love Jim! No one minds being rejected by a person who means nothing to him. Jim has a father, even if he doesn't know it yet.*

The next morning, Jim packed up some of his belongings and removed all his books from the family shelves.

I made sure that there was money in his wallet so that he could go to his father if he wished. But I refrained from saying anything to him.

It was a touchy situation. Jim was ready to fly up like a stick of dynamite at the first spark. If I had told him he was free to live with his father, it might have made him feel that Stuart and I no longer wanted him. If I had forbidden his going, he would have construed this as an attempt on my part to erect a barrier between him and his father.

Late in the afternoon, Jim began surreptitiously to put his things back in their accustomed places.

The immediate crisis had passed — but not the cause of Jim's rebellion.

The Stepfather's Job

A composite picture of Jim at that time is one of strange contrasts.

Swaggering about in long pants with an empty but impressive pipe between his teeth, Jim wanted to act the part of the "big shot" among his friends. He chose his playmates from boys who were younger and mentally inferior to him, so that his leadership was assured. Yet this big shot was afraid to go to bed at night unless his door was left open and the lights blazing in the hall.

He was a poor loser, and night after night, those first few months after our marriage, Stuart used to let him win at checkers because it seemed to bolster Jim's morale and satisfy some deep inner uncertainty about himself.

Jim was smart in school and stood easily at the head of his class. But an impatient *I can't do that!* was his immediate reaction to any proposed manual project. With a hammer, a stubborn bolt, or an attempted repair job he soon lost his temper, hurling the offending tools on the ground.

Jim resented any authority and wanted to be a law unto himself. Yet his self-control was poor. It took very little to make him shrill-voiced and tearful.

To outsiders Jim gave an instant impression of manliness, straightforwardness, and a mental seriousness far beyond his years. At home we knew him as quite a selfish little boy who was lazy when it came to assuming any responsibility, inconsiderate of the rights of others, and difficult to live with when his wishes were crossed.

"He needs a man's hand," I assured Stuart.

But my husband shook his head. "All responsibility for disciplining him is up to you," he insisted. "Jim isn't ready to take it from me yet. Maybe some day he will be. Meantime I'd only do more harm than good. Jim and I have a more important relationship to work out first — a personal relationship. He has to learn to trust me and have implicit confidence in my judgment. Then we can go on from there."

So I did the disciplining when it was necessary, and Stuart wisely concentrated on more constructive approaches. He gave him the

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time and attention that Rian had not in the past.

They laughed a great deal together, and Stuart was never too busy to talk over the day's experiences or to listen, scene by scene, to a painfully involved account of some movie. He might have brought home a brief case full of reports to be summarized, but if Jim sighed, "What is there to do?" Stuart consigned the brief case to the closet and proposed a game of dominoes.

He and Jim went on a thrilling expedition to buy a workbench and pick out a set of tools. Together they gradually evolved an efficient "shop" in the cellar. Jim managed to achieve a rather shaky table of his own construction and was inordinately proud of it. Whenever a job went wrong and Jim threatened to fly off the handle, Stuart would puzzle thoughtfully, "Let's see now. How can we make this thing work?"

Together Stuart and I set about building a sense of tradition about our new little family. We made a great deal of anniversaries and holidays. We started a family album in which we pasted souvenirs of happy days. Jim was given a camera of his own for Christmas and encouraged to take pictures of the family group, the house as it looked in the varying seasons, and our little expeditions to the beaches and woods. These things were a new experience for Jim, because his own father had not been what is known as a family man.

Jim seemed starved for laughter, and even when he needed a little wholesome discipline we found that the light touch had infinitely more effect than any amount of weighty moralizing. Stuart was a master at taking the sting out of a reproof by the use of a grin and a wisecrack.

So a year went by.

Insecurity

But there was still something vaguely wrong. For there were times when we felt that Jim was among us and yet not *of* us.

It was shown in small ways. He would lose his self-control or withdraw into a shell where we could not penetrate. During these periods he did not rush to greet Stuart when he came home at night. There was a restraint about his conversation. His whole attitude was suspicious, unfriendly, and secretive. And, when those moods fell darkly on Jim, the whole family atmosphere changed, becoming heavy and oppressive.

They seemed linked with the few occasions when he saw his father. The week-end visits had long since petered out. Never too fond of assuming any responsibility that interfered with his freedom, Jim's father soon complained that the boy interrupted his work and made extra trouble for him. I did not tell Jim this. I merely said that his father was busy. Jim seemed relieve. He had made new associations in the neighborhood and was loath to leave his "gang" over the week end.

But Jim's father drove out now and then to see him. He would take Jim to the circus or the zoo and send him home with a quarter and a bag of peanuts clutched in his hand.

"Gee, look!" the child would exclaim triumphantly. "Dad gave me two bits!"

I always commented pleasantly on Dad's generosity.

We had company one evening. During after-dinner coffee around the fireplace, the conversation drifted to association tests, and for fun we tried one. Jim, who loves games of every sort, wanted to be in on it. He rushed around to supply everyone with pencil and paper. I chose a random list of words, to each of which the guests were to write down their first reaction.

Probably every person who participated revealed secrets of his inner emotional life. But I was interested only in the disclosures of Jim's unconscious mind. After the word *father*, he wrote *temper*. Beside the word *son*, he scrawled *bad*.

"I don't think you're bad," Stuart commented quietly.

Jim was suddenly confused. "I don't know what made me think of that," he said, embarrassed.

I was stunned by the discovery I had made.

Stuart had been consistently fair and gentle with Jim. His own father hadn't. Often the boy had come into violent contact with his father's ungovernable temper. That the word *father* could still mean *temper* to him suggested some emotional stumbling block that kept him chained to the past.

That the word *son* should be associated with the feeling of *bad* indicated that he was living with a sense of guilt, fostered by false interpretations of past experience.

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I saw quite clearly what I had been doing to Jim. I had not been honest with him. My lack of forthrightness about the relations that existed between his father and me and between Stuart and myself had confused Jim's values and left him uncertain where to bestow his loyalties. Eager to be fair to everyone, I had been fair to no one — least of all to Jim.

So long as I represented myself as still perfectly friendly toward his father, Jim was bound to wonder why on earth we couldn't manage to get along together. There was no room for Stuart in the picture as I had drawn it. I was forcing Jim to resent him. Eventually I should force him to question my motives and perhaps to lose respect for me.

The so-called civilized divorce is dangerous. For adults it is, at best, only a pose. For children it is utterly destructive. They simply do not understand it. Their emotions are simpler, less able to accept compromises. A thing to them is either good or bad, right or wrong, with no intermediate shadings. Given a chance to evaluate their experiences for themselves, they will do so with singular accuracy.

But I had not permitted Jim this fundamental liberty. I had attempted to overlay his interpretations with pretty colors. Actuated by mistaken kindness, I had forced him to idealize his father. It was as exaggerated an attitude as the other extreme I was seeking to avoid — turning him against his father.

What Was Wrong

The next morning Jim and I had our long postponed conference.

I told him the simple facts in the case — facts his father could not honestly have denied.

Jim struggled with some emotion that was too big for him. Finally the bars came down. With a rush the thing that had been troubling Jim all these long months poured out. "But you don't know the real reason," he gulped, digging fists into his eyes. "It was all my fault. You see — oh, I can't tell you!" He flung himself into my arms in a passion of weeping.

"You had nothing to do with it," I assured him. "That's something between your father and me, Jim. As a matter of fact, if it hadn't been for you, the divorce would probably have come sooner than it did."

Jim's head was still buried on my shoulder. "But I prayed!" he confessed out of an agony of childish guilt. "I *prayed* that it would happen and I could have someone like Stuart for my father. And it *did* happen just the way I prayed!"

"It wouldn't have happened," I told him solemnly, "if it hadn't been right. You can't pray a *wrong* thing into happening in a million years, Jim. So you see, you aren't to blame. You didn't have a single thing to do with it."

His tense body relaxed. When he looked up I saw that his face was clear again. He hugged me hard. "Thanks, Mom," he said. "Gee, thanks a million!"

Children have a very simple scale of justice. I had withheld and misrepresented the evidence. It left Jim no choice but to place the blame on himself.

A grown man recently told me that his whole life had been warped by a secret burden of this sort. As a boy, he was once unfairly punished by his father. Afterward he went out behind the woodshed, his sense of fairness smarting worse than his anatomy, and *wished*, with all the pent-up fury of his soul, that his father would die. The next day his father *did* drop dead in a sudden heart attack! The lad was convinced that he was personally responsible and went to sleep at night muttering, "Murderer, murderer!" to himself.

The stress of the conflict which precedes a separation of two parents invariably calls forth very definite emotional reactions of this sort on the part of the child. The "civilized" divorce, of the separated-but-still-the-best-of-friends variety, does nothing to set him straight and relieve his soul of that burden.

My talk with Jim did not make him think any the less of his father. On the contrary, it has freed them to meet on a surer footing. Jim still goes to see his father, but he no longer lives in a world of confusing half-truths. He knows his father more fully and likes him none the less.

"Whatever you said to Jim must have been good," Stuart laughed a few weeks later. "His whole attitude toward me has changed. My probation period must be over."

That was more than a year ago, and our house is no longer divided against itself.

Last February the postman brought Stuart a valentine. He could not speak for a moment after he had opened it. For across the bottom Jim had scrawled: *From your son.*

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Is Your Milk Safe?

by **ALFRED S. CAMPBELL**

At a banquet given recently by some prominent dairymen, this toast was proposed and drunk (in milk): *To the cow, foster mother of the human race.*

That sentiment is probably echoed in the minds of millions of Americans, who regard cows' milk as the best and most healthful of beverages. If they only knew some of the facts I am about to set forth, it is possible that they would not be so sanguine. The reason? Mastitis.

To the general public, mastitis, also known as mammitis or garget, is just one more scientific term. In fact, many persons have never even heard the word. The dairy farmer knows it, though. It is the grim specter which stalks his barns by day and haunts his troubled dreams by night. Attacking impartially the pedigreed prize winner and the mangy crossbred, the disease is, so far as now known, incurable.

Its nature is such as to strike terror to those who are acquainted with the deadly effects of the streptococcus organism on the human body, for most mastitis of the chronic type is streptococcic, an infection of the udder with an immediate and pronounced effect on the milk — that of filling it with deadly germs. The person who drinks milk from an infected cow is consuming from 10,000 to 10,000,000 streptococcic bacteria per cubic centimeter of milk!

Is this disease something new? No; it has been prevalent all over the world for at least 40 years. Are there many cases in the United States? *From one fourth to one third of all the dairy cows in our country either have it in an active form, have had it in the past, or will suffer an attack within the next year.* A recent survey of two dairy provinces in Canada showed that more than 30 per cent of their dairy cattle were either new or chronic cases.

Mastitis is not only passed on to one cow from another, but springs up spontaneously on farms where a case has never before been recorded. When apparently cured, it is apt to flare up again. No dairy cow is immune. Prominent veterinarians and health officers have declared that mastitis causes greater losses to dairy farmers than bovine tuberculosis and contagious abortion combined.

Cases of mastitis appear without warning. A cow may give pure, sweet milk at night and by the next morning produce a clotted, evil-smelling fluid which at once announces, even to the uninitiated, that something is very wrong indeed. Another cow may give apparently pure milk for days or even weeks before it is discovered that she is badly infected.

The milk from an infected cow, often called a gargety cow, may be normal in appearance. On the other hand, it may be clotted, stringy, bloody, or dark brown in color and of foul odor. Milk in these last stages rarely reaches the public, but millions of gallons of badly infected milk, fairly normal in appearance, are drunk every day. Ignorance is responsible for part of its distribution, carelessness and criminal dishonesty for the rest.

"But," protests the customer, "most milk is pasteurized! Doesn't that make it safe?"

Not necessarily. Proper pasteurization will kill streptococcic bacteria, but improper pasteurization is worse than useless. And lately, discoveries about viruses and investigations of their nature have raised a brand-new question — does pasteurization destroy viruses as well as bacteria?

As to most milk being pasteurized: What few people seem to realize is that more than 5,000,000 gallons of unpasteurized milk are drunk every day by American farmers and their families, who also sell to neighbors in rural communities more than 1,000,000 gallons in cans and jars — just as it came from the cow. Add to that the number of quart bottles of raw milk sold in cities and you have a figure which approaches the total amount of milk

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potentially filled with streptococcic bacteria which is consumed daily within the boundaries of the United States. Nor does this include the butter, cottage cheese, ice cream, and kindred products made from unpasteurized milk.

Raw milk sold by reputable dairies is tested frequently, and, if we allow for human error and miscalculation, it is reasonably safe. But many dairies have neither the means nor the equipment to make the exhaustive tests by means of which the purity of milk can be guaranteed. With tests made from cultures, several days must elapse before the final results are obtainable, and by that time the milk has been drunk.

The average city dweller, however, takes no chances with his milk, and buys it in bottles marked *Pasteurized*. Is his confidence in the magic word misplaced? Unfortunately, it often is.

II

I RECENTLY VISITED a farm which supplies milk to half the families in a nearby small city.

With pardonable pride the owner showed me his pasteurizing plant, with chromium steel fittings and immaculate white tiling. His equipment was the most modern obtainable. Then he rolled out a can of milk which had just been pasteurized. "Look at the fine color," he boasted, and to make his point clear he plunged a pair of filthy hands (he had just finished removing the manure from the cow barn) into the can to brush aside the foam, so I could see better.

Three hours later that milk was delivered to his customers.

For three months I worked on a farm in New York State, where one of my daily duties was to deliver the milk to the creamery. An atmosphere of dirt and carelessness prevailed, except on certain days when an inspector was due. Then everything was spick and span.

I have frequently seen milk cans left standing all day long in a cow barn. Flies crawled in and out; dust settled. In the evening, without even the benefit of a hasty rinse, they were filled with newly pasteurized milk, to be carried to the bottling room.

A dairyman late on his schedule cannot always be depended on to see that his milk is heated to the correct temperature and kept there the prescribed length of time. He must deliver his product quickly or lose customers. If he is very late, he may even skip the pasteurization altogether, and who is the wiser? He knows, approximately, when the inspector will be around again, and by then everything will be running on schedule. Meanwhile, if dirt and filth are in evidence, he is consoled by the thought that, after all, *he* isn't going to drink the milk and by the dangerous philosophy that you have to eat a peck of dirt before you die.

His viewpoint with regard to mastitis must of necessity be a selfish one. He has a cow worth about $150. If she contracts mastitis and the fact becomes known, the only purchaser he will be able to find will be the butcher, from whom he can get a third of her former value, at best. Worse than that, he is apt to have his dairy visited subsequently by various inspectors in search of other cases, and, once his herd acquires the reputation of being infected, his milk sales fall off.

His best plan, from the standpoint of his pocketbook, is to say nothing, use the milk unless it is too obviously bad, palm off the cow on an unsuspecting purchaser as soon as possible, put his trust in pasteurization to protect his consuming public, and let someone else do the worrying. Not all dairymen would follow that course, but the small farmer who would be ruined by the loss of a few cows is severely tempted. After all, he argues, no one seems to be doing anything about mastitis. Maybe it isn't serious.

There is no use asking a dairyman how many cases of mastitis he has had during the past year. Nineteen out of twenty will answer without hesitation, "None," while the twentieth will comment on the weather. This despite the fact that it is difficult to find a cow barn anywhere which has not lately housed gargety cows. A confession of the true state of affairs would be too much to expect.

Dairy farmers have a hard life. Theirs is a seven-day week, and they work every week in the year. Circumstances outside their control may boost grain prices and lower the price per quart of milk. At the same time their consuming public, through scientific advisers, demands that they install expensive apparatus and meet high standards of purity. More often than not, the dairyman doesn't believe in the newest theory of germs and contagion; his job,

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he says, is to produce milk, not to concern himself with health problems.

III

It seems to devolve on us, the public, to do something about mastitis and about pasteurization. The disease can be detected — scientists have got that far. There are three tests: the first rough one which any farmer can make in a few seconds; a second which is about 70 per cent effective; and a third, a laboratory test, which is slow and rather expensive and requires experts and laboratory equipment.

Most modern dairies use the strip-cup test on every cow at every milking. A few drops of milk from each quarter are milked into a cup over which is stretched a piece of black cloth above a fine-mesh screen. Stringy or clotted milk shows up at once.

The second test, called the bromothymol-blue test, is simple. One half a cubic centimeter of bromothymol-blue solution is added to two and one half cubic centimeters of milk, and the mixture thoroughly shaken. If the combination turns yellowish-green or greenish-yellow, the milk is normal. Abnormal milk, indicating the presence of mastitis, will turn the combination green or, if the milk is acid, yellow.

The third, the infallible test, is the laboratory test, made from cultures of suspected milk which are subjected to a careful bacteria count. This test may establish the fact that the cow is diseased and that her milk is filled with streptococcic bacteria — but too late to do anything about the milk.

The cow remains. What of her? Ordinarily, she will continue to give infected milk. If the disease progresses far enough she will dry up. She may even die. Although for more than two decades countless scientists have labored over the problem, and millions of dollars have been spent, *no cure has yet been devised.* The Rockefeller Foundation and similar institutions of research have been working on the problem for years. The United States Department of Agriculture, most State experimental stations, and practically all agricultural colleges have spent millions over a period of years in an attempt to discover a cure. While they have been able to classify types of the disease, to list causes, and, in some cases, to suggest beneficial treatment, they have not been able to cure chronic cases.

There are so many causes of mastitis that one is apt to wonder how any cow escapes. It may be caused by an injury to the udder, being struck by the horn or hoof of another cow, or by having a teat stepped on while the cow is lying down. Lying on cold, damp ground or on a concrete floor covered by insufficient bedding is a frequent cause. Either the animal will catch cold and so start an attack or the germs, present in the soil, will enter the udder through the teat canals. Flies, either in the pasture or in the barn, carry the disease from one animal to another and from farm to farm. Milking machines are active agents in spreading mastitis unless they are carefully regulated and sterilized after being used on each cow. That, again, takes time. Hand milking carries the germ from udder to udder unless the hands are washed after milking each cow.

Segregation of affected animals is strongly recommended, but few farms, comparatively, maintain isolation wards in separate buildings. Therefore the disease spreads throughout the herd. The whole situation is extremely serious, for if all animals producing infected milk were to be destroyed there would be a nationwide milk shortage. The only safeguard at present is pasteurization, and that is effective only if properly performed.

The public, hitherto ignorant of this serious menace to health and particularly to the health of children, must be made aware of the potential dangers attendant on drinking milk. Dairymen must be made to realize their great responsibility to their customers. Farmers must take every step possible to keep their herds free of this dreadful disease. And all of us must lend support to legislation designed to increase the number of inspectors of milk, to further mastitis research, and to insure the proper pasteurization of all milk designed for human consumption.

Next month:
"Secrets of the Kitchen,"
by Sidney W. Dean

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Milwaukee's 'Sewer Socialist'

The Unfinished Story of Daniel Webster Hoan

by **LINDSAY HOBEN**

For nearly a quarter-century, Daniel Webster Hoan has been the Socialist Mayor of conservative Milwaukee. There are fewer than 2,500 dues-paying Socialists among Milwaukee's 600,000 residents. Milwaukee is so conservative that even the Progressive La Follettes seldom carry the city. Ordinarily Milwaukee votes Republican in national politics.

Yet nine consecutive times Socialist Dan Hoan has been elected, the last seven times as Mayor; twice he defeated recall movements. The story is still louder and funnier when one considers that never has Mayor Hoan had a Socialist-controlled common council.

What is this man like, anyway? How can a politician without a machine stay in power for 25 years?

Dan Hoan has violated nearly every accepted political precept. He is not a joiner nor a backslapper. He has no Jim Farley memory for names and faces, no political ambitions. He does not espouse popular causes. He does not cultivate political allies. He never, like so many others, tied himself to the kite of President Roosevelt. Except for a brief interlude of suspicious co-operation with the Wisconsin Progressives, which ended when Governor Philip La Follette launched his new third party, Hoan has avoided this powerful Wisconsin political dynasty. He started avoiding them way back when he was in college and they wanted him to work on behalf of Old Bob — the late Senator Robert Marion La Follette, Sr.

Hoan defies the press, the American Legion, the W.C.T.U., and the utilities. He preaches scientific government and boasts about the city's good health but he frankly doesn't like doctors and he leans toward food fads and quack healers.

Dan Hoan's dad, born of Irish parents in French Quebec, married a Waukesha (Wisconsin) farm girl of English-German descent, had five children, became a Jack-of-all-trades, and was known as the town radical. Dan was the youngest child. His home life was not tranquil, for when he was eight his mother angrily walked out of the house and never came back, though she lived to a ripe old age. Her husband, the Waukesha wags still tell, was paying court to half the women of the county.

When Dan was fourteen, the father died, and from then on Dan Hoan made his own way in the world. After cramming two years' schooling into one, he went to work as a waiter, then a cook. His culinary career led him to the best restaurants and hotels in nearby Milwaukee. Apparently he found time for study, too.

His personal political awakening came one brisk November night when he was seventeen. He was standing in the city-hall square at a political rally. He was — oh shades of Dick Whittington — beneath the very windows of the mayor's office, which he was destined to occupy longer than any mayor of any major American city. A Populist was speaking — public ownership, exploitation of the laboring masses; Dan's heart quickened. The fire of his father's ideas was rekindled. Dan visited the headquarters of the Populists and Socialists, joined the latter.

Four years later, Dan found kitchen walls confining, and so, at the age of 21, he went to Madison, Wisconsin, as a special student at the State University. In four years, he completed a

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high-school and college course, earned his living by cooking for a fraternity, orated, debated, and graduated as president of his class.

From the university Hoan went to Chicago and entered a law office for $6 a week—the lowest wage he had ever earned. He studied at Kent College of Law, a night school, completed the course in nine months, and passed the bar examinations of both Illinois and Wisconsin among the three highest in rank. He settled down to be a labor lawyer in Chicago. But not for long.

In 1908 a delegation of Milwaukee Socialists, headed by Victor Berger (later sole Socialist in the House of Representatives), waited on Hoan and induced him to return to Milwaukee. He would not, they promised, be asked to run for public office.

Hoan went with them. Within six months, he was attorney for the Wisconsin Federation of Labor; and, in 1910, the Socialist Party forgot its promises and drafted Dan to run for city attorney. It was, they assured him, a routine affair. They merely wanted to have a full ticket. No Socialist had ever been elected to city office, anyway.

Reluctantly Hoan acquiesced. He would run.

The First Victory

Milwaukee's municipal affairs at this time, smelled, to put it bluntly, far past the limits of the city. The Socialists didn't know it, but the disgusted voters had decided to clean house. They were sick of the putrid Dave Rose machine (Democratic) and of the feeble shadowboxing of the (Republican) opposition.

The election was a landslide. Emil Seidel was elected the first Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee. The whole slate went in with him, including Hoan, whose opponents had labeled him a "red flag carpetbagger from Chicago." Every elected city official was Socialist, and the Party controlled the common council and the county board—*neither of which have they ever controlled since*. For the frightened old parties rushed out to the legislature at Madison and quickly passed a so-called nonpartisan election bill, with the result that in Milwaukee city elections there are only two parties—the Socialist against *all others* merged under the title of Nonpartisans.

In Hoan's own words, the city when he took office was "in the grasp of the sinister and slimy hand of special interests, dive keepers, crooked contractors, petty racketeers, and political bosses. The city was then as graft-ridden as any other." One of the nation's largest national magazines supported this view twenty years later when a staff writer said: "The machine of David Rose, prior to 1910, was one of the crookedest political machines in the nation."

Youthful City Attorney Hoan began to fight. He found that the franchise terms were not being observed by the street railway. It was not paving between its rails at its own cost. It was not sprinkling this area. It was not removing from the streets the snow it swept off its tracks. Hoan decided to enforce the franchise terms. He went to court. He won. He saved Milwaukee between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000.

The young city attorney believed that streetcar fares and telephone, gas, and electric rates were all too high. He fought for reductions and won. He attacked the problem of the grade crossings where persons were frequently killed. After three hearings, he won. The railways had to elevate their tracks and bear 80 per cent of the cost.

The town began to take notice. It looked in vain for socialism but it found improving city government. In 1914, Hoan ran for re-election as city attorney. It was a bitter campaign.

Gerhard A. Bading, later Minister to Ecuador, was running for mayor and attacked Hoan and his Socialists. "There are only two issues in this campaign," he said, and outlined them as Americanism versus socialism and a business administration versus "a repetition of the worst administration [Emil Seidel's] the city ever had." It was, Bading continued, an issue of the Constitution against "a propaganda organization despised in every civilized country in the world," an organization—the Socialists, of course—which had given Milwaukee "a black eye throughout the country."

Before election day, the press urged in eight-column editorials at the tops of front pages that Milwaukee be saved from socialism—the "most

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bitter, intolerant and fanatical kind of party rule."

Then came the counting of the votes. It was a clean sweep for the Nonpartisans—*except* for city attorney. Daniel Webster Hoan, running far ahead of his Socialist ticket, squeezed in by 354 votes.

From that day to this, Dan Hoan has been the white hope of the Socialist Party in Milwaukee.

He was drafted to run for mayor in 1916. It was wartime. Feeling against socialism ran high. The betting odds were five to four against Hoan; they became five to three.

Mayor Bading thundered that the Socialists were "liars, indecent, un-American red-flaggers, not fit for office, anarchists and political pirates." Said he:

> The fang of the viper is ready to suck Milwaukee's lifeblood. Socialism, with all its heresies and un-American ideas, is knocking at the door. Will you . . . never again allow the red flag to replace the Stars and Stripes on the flagpole of the city hall.

The Nonpartisans coined slogans to save the city:

Join the nearest anti-Red club, young man.

Either Socialism or the American government must perish.

Dan Hoan went forth to battle. He accused his opponents of dirtying the American flag themselves by dragging it into a municipal campaign. Then he said:

> The main issue of this campaign is whether the flag of the streetcar company will float over the city hall instead of the Stars and Stripes left there by Mayor Emil Seidel, former Socialist Mayor. I refuse to believe it necessary to sell out the city hall to the streetcar company and its black flag of monopolistic piracy in order to be American citizens.

Clever, this young fellow; perhaps not so un-American after all. The voters took notice.

Hoan pounded away on simple municipal matters. He showed pieces of corroded water pipe ruined by electrolysis, the result of current escaping from the utility's conduits. He still campaigns in the same "earthy" way, talking about garbage and ash collection, water supply and sewers. He never waves Marx and Engels in the voters' faces. Most Milwaukee burghers wouldn't know who they were, anyway.

There was a light vote in the 1916 election. Hoan ran 5,000 ahead of the rest of the Socialist ticket and beat Bading by 1,500. No other Socialist city official was elected, and only a few aldermen.

The "capitalist" reporters joshed Hoan. "Tell us," they said, "how it was that you rose from the kitchen to the chief office in the city hall."

"I was a good cook," replied their quarry simply, "and I shall try to be a good mayor."

Thus began the reign of Dan Hoan as Mayor of Milwaukee, a reign probably unprecedented in American cities.

His political philosophy now brought difficult days for the Mayor in the period of war hysteria. Because of the Socialist Party's staunch stand against the war, Hoan was branded a traitor. Many cried for his removal.

But he survived the storm, was re-elected in 1918 and 1920. He increased his vote in the 1924 elections—the mayor's term having been changed from two to four years. In 1928 and 1932 he swept everything before him, in the latter election carrying even the prosperous "gold coast" wards and being blessed by the city's leading (capitalist) newspaper. In 1936, despite a bitter old-fashioned campaign, Hoan was re-elected for the ninth consecutive time.

The Miracle Man

WHAT KIND of a man is this who, when his present term expires in 1940, will have been mayor of America's twelfth city for a quarter-century? Why does Milwaukee consistently elect Dan Hoan and as consistently repudiate his party, indeed, some of his dearest projects?

Now you've started something, and there is no undisputed answer.

Hoan is a personable fellow. Face to face you can't help liking him. He has a remarkable ability to talk specifically to his hearer with a warmth and friendliness that can be intoxicating. Usually the vividness of what he says makes one forgetful of the odd grammar and the crude phrases—whether consciously cultivated or accidental—that carry a thought directly to any listener, a scholar or an untutored workman. Sometimes the Mayor talks bunk (the Communists used to call him Mayor Hokum), or he carefully skirts an issue; but you tend to forget that he is doing so. More often he plunges directly into his subject.

He dramatizes everything. He can't talk more than a few minutes without getting up

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and stalking back and forth while he impersonates a crowd, a lobbyist, a streetcar, or whatever is pertinent to his story. Your neck tires following him. His arms wave — he has Ichabod Craneish angles, if you catch him just right — and his argument or description comes rasping forth.

Without the heavy doors to his office, at such times, a secretary smiles indulgently and says: "You can hear hizzoner's horn going today."

Hoan is notoriously inaccurate in details concerning names and figures; his enemies say he is "half-cocked"; his friends say he simply can't be bothered but his point of view is always sound.

The office of the Mayor of Milwaukee has something about it of the stability of the town; there's nothing flashy in it. A huge table sprawls in the middle of the room; an ancient roll-top desk fills a corner.

In a long-outmoded office chair sits the Mayor. His clothes are nondescript; the truth is that he is unconscious of them. Sometimes his suit is shiny. He wears colored shirts with stripes, without distinction. His wrinkled necktie is of uncertain color. A mop of his unruly black hair, now graying, dangles above one eye. The lines about his mouth are deep but pleasant; the face is sparklingly animated. Always there lies nearby a half-consumed cigar or smoldering pipe — or both. The odds are that the Mayor is in his shirt sleeves, with unlovely but utilitarian suspenders showing in the armholes of his vest. His feet go up on the table when comfort demands but never as a pose. *Naturalness* describes the Mayor.

On the wall hang pictures — Abraham Lincoln, Victor Berger, Emil Seidel, a drawing of Mrs. Hoan, an oil painting of the Mayor — and a mounted fish. A model of the ocean liner *Milwaukee* tops the desk. In another painting a Hungarian peasant stares forlornly at a pittance in his hand — one week's pay for three years' corn.

When the Mayor makes a fine point, he doodles with his inkwell or paperweight, moving it precisely a quarter of an inch this way and five eighths that. He spices his conversation with occasional profanity — neither gifted nor picturesque, just ordinary proletarian profanity. In reminiscing of college days, he corrects himself — "No, I didn't swear like that, then."

There are no back stairs to Dan Hoan's office. This always slightly shocks distinguished visitors. If there were, it is Dan's boast that the special entrance would be for working people. Perhaps this is histrionic, but the fact is that anyone may see the Mayor for any good reason, and sometimes the reason doesn't even have to be good.

One does not find hangers-on roosting in the outer office. The general impression is one of sleepiness. One is met without affectation by the secretaries or the patrolman-clerk; there is neither pomp nor obsequiousness.

One of the first things that Hoan did when he became mayor was to open the door to his office to break what he called the Sicilian Black Hand gangs among Milwaukee's large Italian population. He found that the strength of the gang leaders was owing largely to their political tie-ups. They could deliver large blocks of votes, so they were given free rein by police and politicians. Hoan went directly to the Italian-American citizens. He told them they could get no favors through any gang leader, that they could always come directly to the city hall with their problems and their pleas. Perhaps this is not the whole story, but the gangs disappeared.

As for Mayor Hoan's family life, it has been as placid as his father's was tumultuous.

The year after Hoan came to Milwaukee he married Agnes Magner, whom he had met in Chicago. Despite the fact that Mrs. Hoan is a devout Catholic and the Mayor has no church affiliation, harmony has reigned in the Hoan home. Mrs. Hoan is a simple woman, untouched by the political Furies that blow about her husband, except that she is incensed sometimes when Dad — she always calls him that — is bitterly denounced. He calls her Mother.

The Hoans live modestly and always have; they've been 21 years in the same frame house in Milwaukee's socially unstylish west side. They distinctly are not in what is called society, but you may find them, particularly the Mayor, at many a meeting or festival of middle-class or working folk.

The Hoans have two children, Daniel Webster III and Agnes, both college students.

The Mayor, radical (at least theoretically) in politics, is conservative in most

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personal matters. He is, for instance, driving the sixth automobile of the same make (Studebaker). He has a commonplace summer home in northern Wisconsin where he spends five to eight weeks a year — always subject to call from his office. He has no extravagances, unless it be the overuse of tobacco. Despite his gauntness, he is a doughty drinker when the steins are passed around, yet no one has ever accused him of excess — except in oratory.

A Shrewd Fighter

In public the Mayor is no mean adversary. Most observers are sure that he carefully picks his spot before he blasts, that he knows where the rocks will fall and is certain he will pry loose more votes than he will destroy.

One time during prohibition, when the W.C.T.U. demanded that Mayor Hoan shut saloons "openly violating the law," he replied: "More temperance can be accomplished by the open sale of beer and light wines."

So the reformers dubbed the Mayor a traitor to his nation's laws, a wrecker of youth and destroyer of homes.

When, in 1932, Hoan refused to attend the Los Angeles meeting of the American Association of Port Authorities, he said: "I won't enter California as long as Tom Mooney is held in jail.

In Chicago, irked by reporters he remarked: "So you're from the press? Well, your newspapers can all go to hell. You lied yesterday and you're getting ready to lie again today. Go climb down my back." (He was irritated at reports that he was going to bolt the Socialist Party.)

Hoan's first verbal explosion to ring round the nation — if not the world — was his now famous remark when it was suggested in 1919 that he invite King Albert of the Belgians to Milwaukee. "I stand by the man who works," he retorted. "To hell with kings!"

The press of the nation panted with rage.

"How long," asked the *Baltimore Sun*, "will even Milwaukee stand for such blatant and long-eared demagogues?" It called him a boor and continued to describe Milwaukee as that "sweet-scented city of Socialism and disloyalty . . . famous not only for beer and Berger," and then suggested that, since Hoan was a good cook, Milwaukee "send him back to his pots and pans."

The stately *Public Ledger* in Philadelphia commented:

> He talks in this profane and loud-mouthed fashion not because of any passionate sincerity of his convictions, but because he thinks it will make a hit with the crowd and be widely quoted to his glory.

The *Record* in Philadelphia called Hoan one of the American Bolsheviki and hinted that Albert was more of a worker than the mayor who made Milwaukee infamous.

The *Wichita Beacon* frothed but could not bring itself to print the nasty word in *to – – – – with kings*.

The historian is amused to discover that, thirteen years later, the *Sun* and the *Public Ledger* — and a good many other American newspapers — were pleased to ask this long-eared and boorish demagogue to write articles for them explaining why Milwaukee was America's best governed city, particularly why she was solvent. (The Mayor, incidentally, does not claim that Milwaukee is better governed than, say, Cincinnati.)

Hoan's bluntness is illustrated by his refusal, after the War, to send a telegram of congratulation to General Pershing and by his subsequent refusal to sign a resolution of the common council conveying condolences to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson on the death of her husband. The resolution contained the words *great American*.

"I do not," Hoan told the council, "and never did think Wilson was a great American and I will not be a hypocrite by signing and subscribing to such a resolution."

Similar outspokenness is found in his reply to the National Army and Navy Preparedness Committee which asked him to appoint three local members to it.

"I know of nothing," he said, "that will be more likely to lead this country into war than organization of the group in which you are engaged."

He refused a request to set aside a Navy Day in Milwaukee, calling it "propaganda to increase the size of the navy."

Even in the most hysterical red-baiting days just after the War, when many otherwise sane persons saw Bolsheviks under every bed, the Mayor did not curb his tongue. In November, 1919, a group of ex-service men raided an I.W.W. office, using strong-arm methods. They smashed furnishings, burned books and

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papers. The Mayor characterized this as "anarchy and a blotch on our record as a law-abiding community." He demanded that the police arrest the raiders and prosecute the case. He said that failure to agree with the I.W.W. did not mean that its members were deprived of their constitutional rights. He added that, if their literature was illegal, the United States Department of Justice would undoubtedly seize it.

Time and again the Mayor has clashed with the American Legion, but one often suspects that both sides have tongue in cheek. The most dramatic encounter was over police horses! The Mayor had consistently vetoed appropriations for feed for Milwaukee's six police horses, partly on grounds of economy, largely because it was politically expedient to do so. Radical orators had an embarrassing way of referring to the mounted policemen as Cossacks, implying that they were used only to ride down the workers. The Legion headed the horses' advocates and took collections to feed them, but finally the horse war culminated in a referendum. In November, 1936, Milwaukee (along with helping choose the President of the United States) voted 120,914 to 92,147 for the horses.

A Contradiction

Dan Hoan is a shrewd politician, but with all his worldly acumen he is known among his friends as a sucker for cure-alls. He doesn't like doctors, usually refers to them as the "medical fraternity," and has given testimonials to healers and sellers of healing devices, some of whom have unfortunate police records in other cities.

For instance, Hoan wrote to Mayor Cermak of Chicago a testimonial in behalf of "Professor" John Hugh Lally, dealer in allegedly health-giving "love" rays, who has been arrested in Miami, Winnipeg, and other places for practicing medicine without a license.

The Mayor has long used a colored-light healing system which is blacklisted by the American Medical Association and by the Better Business Bureaus all over the United States.

And, for making a speech before the American Naturopathic Association, he was made a "doctor of natural philosophy" by President Benedict Lust and, according to his diploma, is now entitled to practice the 36 sciences of naturopathy.

Some of the Mayor's enemies believe that this is the true Dan Hoan — a man who falls for cure-alls in the field of politics as well as healing. For few, indeed, impugn the Mayor's personal honesty.

Hoan's appointees, on the whole, have been of high caliber. They are sent back term after term and are usually approved unanimously by the non-Socialist common council. They are of all political faiths except the Communist.

Milwaukee under Hoan has been virtually a graftless city. The pettiest questionable incident causes a storm in the city hall and in the press. Scandals in Milwaukee grow out of $35 items or the theft by a city workman of a few pounds of old lead pipe. This actually occurred once, and the *Chicago Daily News* made grotesque editorial comparison between what constituted graft in Milwaukee and Chicago. The one important scandal since Hoan became Mayor involved a Nonpartisan city comptroller elected in opposition to the Socialist candidate.

Mayor Hoan believes in his job. He believes that to be mayor of a big city is infinitely more exacting than to hold any governorship and is a public position exceeded in difficulty only by the presidency of the United States. He believes that municipal government, next to the family itself, is the very foundation of the nation. And Hoan affects no modesty when he opines that he has done a good job. In fact, he has written a book on the subject * and he is more proud of this literary accomplishment than of any other single thing he has ever done. Time and again, Hoan has refused to be a candidate for State or national office on the Socialist ticket. He prefers to be Milwaukee's mayor than to be an also-ran for a "noble political cause."

Nevertheless, Hoan's political fame has spread far beyond Milwaukee's confines. He has served two terms as President of the United States Conference of Mayors (then was made honorary president); three terms as President of the Great Lakes Harbors Association; three terms as President of the Wisconsin League of Municipalities; terms as Vice President of the Alliance of Cities and Vice President of the

* City Government (*Harcourt, Brace, $2.50*).

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National Municipal League. Within his party, he was a member of the National Executive Committee from 1928 to 1937, when he refused re-election, and was chairman of the national Socialist presidential campaign committees in 1932 and 1936. As such, he stumped the East for Norman Thomas.

Where Does Socialism Come In?

What really is Mayor Hoan's political philosophy? Is he truly a Socialist?

These are the first questions the visitor always asks about Milwaukee's mayor.

One writer called him one-tenth socialist and nine-tenths lawyer and businessman — and a good one.

Socialists, some nationally known, from other cities have asked the writer, confidentially, whether Mayor Hoan has ever read Karl Marx's writings or any other socialist works. One of them said that he frequently made up his mind that Hoan knew nothing of socialism and then, suddenly, the Mayor would bring up — as though from his past — some socialist remark or argument and dust it off.

The late Morris Hillquit of New York City scoffingly called Hoan's politics sewer socialism.

The Mayor is probably proud of this accusation. He is far more interested in the sewers of Milwaukee and such practical municipal problems than in theoretical socialism. He is almost untouched by the international dreams of socialism and frequently, in Party councils, has opposed foreign undertakings.

One cannot imagine Dan Hoan raising the clenched fist and passionately shouting: "Workers of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains! You have a world to gain!"

Yet Hoan quotes in capital letters what he calls this "immortal message of Karl Marx" in the climax of a pamphlet which he (Hoan) wrote, entitled, *Abraham Lincoln, a Real American*. And the Mayor has written in his aforementioned book, concerning the economic theories of socialism:

> During the 26 years I have spent in the public service I have been guided wholly by these economic formulas as a foundation in effectuating policies and in promoting governmental measures.

The Mayor is not so terse when he writes political science as when he campaigns before a Polish or Italian audience. He also states that he believes ultimately in the "co-operative commonwealth."

The truth of the matter is that the question of Daniel Webster Hoan's socialism is as baffling to his party as it is to his nonparty public.

Those close to him will tell you that he thinks it absurd for Americans to rant in the European Socialist lingo about Cossacks and tyrants. As one of them put it, "of course, the worker's condition is far from perfect; but we do have civil rights and a basically democratic system of government in America."

Whatever the Mayor's philosophy (perhaps, like many of us, he doesn't know what it is himself), there is no socialism in Milwaukee. Despite Hoan's 30 years of fighting for public ownership, Milwaukee does not even have municipally owned electric power as do Seattle, Los Angeles, Kansas City, and Cleveland, nor does she own any part of her transportation system as do New York City and Detroit.

"Socialist" Milwaukee's virtues are the very bourgeois virtues so anathematized by socialism. Her triumphs are in excellently managed capitalistic municipal finances (maturing bonds redeemed early, a rapidly growing amortization fund to make the city debt-free by 1943, skillfully devised negotiable tax-redemption certificates used as a sort of emergency city currency); low fire- and burglary-insurance rates; excellent parks and playgrounds and recreation supervision; also the best health program and safest traffic of any major American city. Milwaukee's story of clean municipal government is too long and too widely known to need telling here.

Hoan claims this is a triumph of the Socialists, but the non-Socialists insist that it is because they control the common council and check the Socialists.

Most Milwaukeeans believe it is because their city is a fine example of good old American democracy which really functions, a city in which the people are vitally interested in good government, where every citizen is an unofficial policeman. And they would have you know that the man who is almost a part of the city hall does not quote so much in a decade from the German Karl Marx as he does in a year from the American — to whom he secretly loves to be compared and whom he ever so slightly resembles, at least in gaunt physique and homely wit — Abraham Lincoln.

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You Need a Lawyer

by **WILLIAM S. WEISS**

***as told to* Stewart Robertson**

I HAVE OFTEN THOUGHT that perhaps it is unfortunate that the mantle of the law does not possess sufficient elasticity to cover the consequences of human indifference, folly, or plain everyday recklessness. Possibly this blissful state will arrive with the millennium; until then, the wisest course for that vague and restless soul known as the average man to pursue is to armor himself with some legal advice as he stumbles forth on the daily business of living. And, in as many cases as possible, I should like to be the adviser.

Now, the average man is likely to shy at the mere suggestion that he needs an attorney to guide him through his conventional pattern of existence. Lawyers, he intimates, are sharpers and, having delivered this judgment, he goes blandly away to buy, sell, borrow, and lend and to promise to do other things which bristle with legal risks and which may very well have a trickster as the party of the second part. But, when any of these activities leads him to become enmeshed, he may be heard crying in the wilderness.

Why is this? Well, the basis of our friend's complaint is that he *might* have gone to a lawyer in the first place — if he had not been afraid of the expense involved. This fear is often based on painful fact, for almost everyone knows some unfortunate flouter of fate who has been charged from $50 upward for the settlement of a minor legal matter. The Legal Aid Society can, of course, be consulted, but it is for persons without means, and the Average Man is neither impecunious nor willing to represent himself as such. Neither is he wealthy. His feeling, therefore, anywhere in the area of the law, is that of the hunted quarry — no shelter at hand, and nothing to do but twist and turn and trust to luck.

This attitude is matched by the scorn entertained by lawyers toward what they imagine to be a fool section of the public, a public too naïve to grasp the fact that the world is full of people who exist by preying on others.

About five years ago this situation in New York City impressed me as so serious that I organized a legal clinic to furnish legal advice at from $1 (mostly $1) to $10. I do not handle litigation, but a large business has developed with people whom I am gradually teaching not to take the slightest step in unfamiliar fields without first learning what the legal consequences may be.

A crippling disability compelled me to withdraw from active practice after over twenty years at the bar, and this enforced separation from my former activities gave me a new perspective. Perhaps this situation impressed itself on me while I was still a busy lawyer, but it was not until I was forced to stand on the sidelines that I realized its full import — that a tremendous number of people who need it go without legal protection only because it is too expensive for them. I commenced to talk with some of them, and out of these contacts grew the idea of this new departure in the dissemination of legal advice.

The clinic serves only persons in the lower income brackets, and therefore it does not divert any business from attorneys dealing with clients who have the means and foresight to protect themselves with information. I am glad to say that the New York County Lawyers' Association has recently gone on record as endorsing the general establishment of legal clinics, and similar enlightenment among lawyers at large will hasten the day when clinics will be available in adequate numbers. To further this end I shall be happy to furnish information to anyone regarding the establishment of a similar clinic in his neighborhood.

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II

THERE IS no blinking the fact that *caveat emptor* remains the favorite motto of far too many people who have things to sell. For every customer who is convinced that all salesmen are liars, there is a salesman who believes that all customers are simpletons. Nowhere is this disesteem more apparent than in the secondhand car business.

One of my recent clients was a janitor who bought a car in order to take his wife and children to the country on week ends, and it can be imagined what delicate budget balancing had to be carried out to make the transaction possible.

My client was swindled by an unscrupulous dealer who talked him into purchasing what the dealer represented — verbally, of course — to be a 1936 model. The janitor traded in his old car and signed up to pay $300 — $100 down, with payments of $10 monthly. Driving the car home, he thought it would be a good idea to stop at the sales agency of its manufacturer to check the date, and on doing this he was told his machine was of 1934 vintage. Returning to the secondhand dealer, the janitor made his protests, only to be told to look at his bill of sale. Sure enough, that paper stated that the car was a 1934 model. The janitor insisted that the deal be called off, and was calmly told that the car he traded in had already been sold. The car in question was not to be seen, although the janitor was given the freedom of the place to look for it, and of course the old trick of moving the car temporarily to another dealer's lot had been worked once more.

While there was no chance for the legal clinic to protect this client from the effects of his own gullibility, it did provide him with sufficient information to enable him to protect himself if he takes another venture into secondhand land. When a prospective buyer consults the legal clinic he is advised to insist that the outstanding claims of a sales talk be included in the bill of sale (and they would be, if the dealer felt he had to do this in order to retain the customer), thereby leaving a great deal less chance for deceptive automotive oratory.

Whether all secondhand dealers are rascals or not is beside the point. What the legal clinic drives home to the average man is that, without decent legal protection, he cannot hope to guard himself against being outdone by people who make a living from sharp practice; and that is knowledge which is mighty valuable for $1. The trouble is that, up to now, through its high-hat attitude, the bar has made it prohibitively expensive for the average man to get hold of such information, and the superficial philosopher might even work around to the premise that the bar is derelict in its duty to the public it professes to serve. Is it possible that heretofore the bar just did not care? Anyhow, the action of the New York County Lawyers' Association is the first official gesture toward doffing this high hat.

The clinic's clients are people who have no money to waste, and it is a pathetic thing to listen to the stories of harassed widows, worried small shopkeepers, deluded leaseholders, and young married couples who are having their faith in human nature shattered by the skulduggery of some schemer. The legal clinic's service is frankly more preventive than curative, and I am glad to say that my clients return again and again for advice before making an unfamiliar move — or, better still, making an unfamiliar promise; for that is what many legal commitments often are: artistically worded promises.

III

CONSIDER the regular installment contract. How many purchasers realize that down in the small print lurks a joker which not only makes it possible for the seller to repossess the article if payments fall behind but *continues the purchaser's obligation to pay the full price even after the retaking?*

One of my clients came to me in great indignation over what he considered a holdup. Two years before, his radio had been repossessed because the payments had not been kept up, and, when notified that he was responsible for the $30 remaining unpaid, he replied that he had lost his job and had no money. The installment concern accepted this true explanation, but after two years it noticed the client's name in a list of newly employed men and promptly wrote him regarding the outstanding bill. To this and succeeding letters he paid no attention, and it was not until the creditor garnisheed his salary that he took the trouble to find out what his obligation was. That in-

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stallment contract was the last document he ever signed without first bringing it to the clinic for approval.

The clinic's clients are made aware of a contemptible trick which is prevalent in the installment jewelry trade. Too many young men and women, negotiating the purchase of a diamond ring or a watch on time, have made an agreement which gives the seller an assignment of their future wages. They never dream that this weasel-worded clause lurks down in the fine print of the contract; but, if payments lag, the jewelry concern plasters a garnishment on their pay, which not only causes annoyance to the buyer but makes a bad impression on his employer.

Clients also learn that when a man dies without making a will he is labeled as having been indifferent to the grief, the worry, and the cost which his wife must bear in the distribution of his estate; if there are children, all these troubles will be multiplied. There will be fees for the surrogate's court and *annual* fees for bonds which must be kept up until the children come of age, with the result that small estates may well become infinitesimal with the passage of time. A simple will by the husband, making his wife executrix and guardian of their children, all without bond, will conserve his estate and save her unlimited anxiety and trouble. And as for ready money that is so urgently needed for funeral expenses, etc. — a joint bank account for husband and wife will take care of this, since the death of one will not affect the availability of cash for the other.

Legal clinic clients also know enough to get informed and unbiased advice about life insurance. They have learned that the cost of insurance varies with the kind of policy and that many of the more expensive policies, while furnishing protection, are luxuries which they cannot afford.

And they know better than to sign a lease without looking for that increasingly popular clause which states the rent to be, say, $600 a year and then goes on to add that, while said rent is $600, the landlord will agree to accept it in twelve monthly installments of $50 each. BUT (and the capitals as well as the italics are mine), *if there is delay in making any payments, the entire unpaid amount of the whole year's rent immediately becomes due.*

Small businessmen's troubles do not rate headlines, but they seem the most important things in the world to the victims when they visit the clinic. Take the case of a furniture dealer from a little town who came in to discuss a check on which payment had been stopped.

The furniture man's next-door neighbor was a grocer. Late on one Saturday afternoon a suave individual had been driven up to the furniture store in an imposing car. This party bought $200 worth of furniture from the overjoyed dealer, who envisioned future sales to this person of wealth. When the customer proffered a check for $250 in payment, the dealer promptly exchanged his own check — drawn to *Cash* — for the $50 difference. The customer stepped into the grocery next door, bought a few dollars' worth of provisions, and to pay for them offered the furniture man's check, which the grocer knew to be good and promptly cashed, giving the stranger $45.50.

In the course of time the $250 check came back, and the furniture man immediately stopped payment on the check cashed by the grocer; hence the former's trip to the legal clinic. Nothing could be done to help him, as the grocer had cashed his check in good faith.

IV

A YOUNG FATHER once came in to inquire if it was true that a hospital could hold a baby until the bill for its arrival into this world had been paid. It seems incredible that such a misapprehension should be current in this supposedly enlightened age; nevertheless, the action of some hospitals helps to keep it alive. Not long ago a hospital tried to hold not only a client's wife but his baby as well for ten days longer than necessary, until he could borrow enough money to pay the bill. I need hardly say that this effort was wholly unsuccessful, yet many young husbands are caused needless shame and worry through such action. In any such case, a telephone call to the police is enough to bring an officer to effect the patient's discharge at once.

Another thing which the average man encounters is the talent of larger businesses for brazening things out.

One of my clients, who ran a small shop, made a bank deposit of $130 in cash and a check for $140. He was never credited with

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either in his monthly statement, although the whole amount of the deposit appeared in his passbook; the bank denied having received any part of the deposit. The check, however, was traced back to the bank, as it bore its endorsement stamp, but the bank continued to state that the cash had never been in its hands. The shopkeeper was in danger of simply being outfaced by the bank. The legal clinic advised him to take it to trial, as no jury would believe that the $130 in cash were not deposited with the check. It is not difficult to reason that the bank would never have taken such an attitude with a person of importance.

A rule of law is that payment of a lesser sum as satisfaction for a greater cannot be valid satisfaction for the whole. The mistaken belief that it *is* valid satisfaction has caused much bitterness among small tradesmen.

One of the clinic's clients, who now is forearmed on all her moves, first came to the clinic because she was in difficulties with a dress manufacturer. The client ran a neighborhood dress shop, bought $1,500 worth of goods on a 90-day credit, and was unable to pay when the bill came due. The manufacturer did not sue, because he rightfully suspected that he couldn't collect the full amount, so he informed the dress-shop owner that he would accept $1,000, if paid immediately, as full settlement. The woman scraped up the money, paid it over, and thought herself extremely lucky, but in less than a year the manufacturer, advised that the dress shop's business had picked up, presented a demand for the remaining $500. He claimed, through his astute lawyer, of course, that there was no consideration for his promise to forgo $500. In other words, what he promised was not to be relied on. And the court upheld him, because that is the law.

And then there are the delicate nuances of fraud.

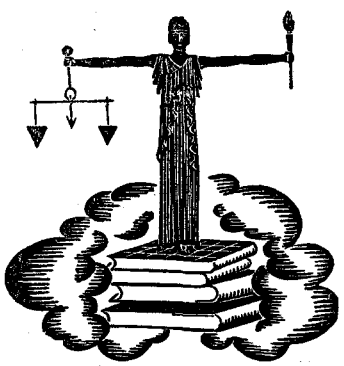
One of the clinic's clients was foolish enough to purchase an old-fashioned watch in an out-of-date case, and, when his friends laughed at its lack of style, he tried to get his money back. The jeweler refused to oblige, because the condition of the watch was such that the customer was perfectly well able to judge it for himself; and this interpretation of the transaction was perfectly just.

Another trusting client, however, temporarily dazzled, invested in an imitation gold watch which he thought to be genuine. Although the jeweler carefully refrained from saying anything that would create a false impression, our client was successful in having his money refunded, because the watch was not what it appeared to be.

Remember these two instances the next time you buy *anything*.

And there you have the reason for the legal clinic. So many things the average man promises to do are not what they appear — are not what he imagines they are. The buying of a diamond, a fur coat, or a little car; the leasing of a store; the purchase of a home; the bequeathing of a small estate — events that spell sacrifice, love, and enterprise — can be made instead sources of disappointment and heavy loss. Up to now the bar has been too busy balancing its high hat at the fashionable tilt, an angle that kept its eyes from seeing the average man with only a few dollars to spend.

Things will be different soon.



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Your Money's Worth

by **DAYTON D. McKEAN**

THERE CAN BE no question that the consumers of the United States — and that includes all of us — have been defrauded of billions of dollars in the purchase of defective, useless, even harmful goods and in the payment of prices which have been inflated by advertising and kept up by trade agreements. A perusal of the notices of judgment of the Food and Drug Administration in its proceedings against putrid food in interstate commerce is enough to make any consumer sick; he cannot help wondering how much decayed canned salmon escaped the inspectors to reach his table for every case that was stopped. The money that has been paid by consumers for well-advertised but useless mouth washes, antiseptics, and patent medicines would double the endowment of every college in the country.

Time was when the consumer was simply told to beware, *caveat emptor*. The seller was expected to guarantee only his own title to the goods he offered for sale. The number of items available was small; the quality of most of them was readily ascertainable by ordinary means; many of them were prepared or manufactured in the presence of the customer; and there was usually a personal acquaintance between buyer and seller. But the ability of consumers to check price and quality has progressively diminished as large-scale production has increased and as the arts of production have become more complex. Merchants themselves frequently know little or nothing about what they are selling. The ordinary individual, for example, cannot test electric refrigerators to determine which one among them all is best insulated, least expensive to operate, least dangerous, or freest from mechanical troubles; he can only depend upon advertising for advice, a form of guidance which may be no more valuable than any other picture of a pretty girl standing by the latest streamlined model. Consumers are gradually becoming conscious of their helplessness in present-day markets, and there is a growing demand among them for assistance.

II

STUART CHASE and F. J. Schlink ran into this demand when in 1927 they shocked thousands of middle-class consumers with the publication of *Your Money's Worth*. This book has had 19 printings and probably has sold over 100,000 copies. Its success was repeated in 1932 by *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs*, by Schlink and Arthur Kallet, which also sold 100,000 copies. Two years ago the former published *Eat Drink and Be Wary*. If book buyers are not made conscious of the perils in foods and drugs it will not be Mr. Schlink's fault.

He is now in command of Consumers' Research, an organization which undertakes to make tests of branded consumers' goods and to give advice on consumers' problems. In December, 1935, there were 58,000 subscribers to the service, each of whom paid $3 to receive a monthly bulletin and an annual *Handbook of Buying*. These publications list goods in three categories: *Recommended*, *Intermediate*, *Not Recommended*, naming the manufacturer or distributor and giving some information about the tests conducted on the article. Consumers' Research has had a wider influence than the size of its subscription list would indicate, for its publications are probably read by 250,000 nonsubscribers, who obtain it in spite of the subscribers' signed promises to keep the material confidential. The subscribers have average annual incomes of around $5,000, so that Consumers' Research reaches roughly people in the upper 8 or 10 per cent of the income groups — those who need its advice least.

The Consumers' Research strikers set up a rival organization, on a co-operative basis, called the Consumers' Union of the United

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States, which, like Consumers' Research, offers for the same subscription charges a non-confidential service and an extended, confidential service. It makes tests on consumers' goods and offers advice on various consumers' problems. It aims to reach consumers on an income level lower than that of the subscribers to Consumers' Research, particularly trade-union members, and to the extent that it succeeds in doing so it can be more widely useful.

A mail-order co-operative, Cooperative Distributors, tests the goods which it sells to its own members, and it publishes the results along with other advice on consumers' problems in a magazine called *Consumers' Defender*.

The Consumers' Counsel of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration publishes an attractively printed and intelligently edited monthly magazine, the *Consumers' Guide*, which is sent free to anyone on application. It is concerned not so much with quality as with price — and then with the price of unbranded household commodities, especially bulk foods. Unlike Consumers' Research and the Consumers' Union, the *Consumers' Guide* never mentions the names of manufacturers.

If the consumer could be saved by printed matter, he would be now well on his way to redemption.

The consumers' interest is coming to be politically important, too.

The NRA during its brief life had a consumers' section, which never amounted to much.

The Roosevelt Administration has endeavored in various ways to aid the consumers' co-operative movement, notably through the Farm Credit Administration, which aids in the organization of credit unions, and through the Rural Electrification Administration, which loans money to farm co-operatives to build rural electric lines.

The Democratic platform of 1936 contained this declaration:

> We will act to secure to the consumer fair value, honest sales, and a decreased spread between the price he pays and the price the producer receives.

III

With all this interest in the consumer's welfare, what can be done to protect it?

The private advisory services, such as Consumers' Research, can make consumers conscious of the inflated claims of much present-day advertising and may awaken them to some fraudulent and dangerous goods which are on the market. But these private services make their chief claim to usefulness on the basis of their testing of consumers' goods, and they frequently point out that they do for their subscribers what the Bureau of Standards does for the federal government. A brief examination of the problem of testing products will show what a small dent such organizations can make.

The first great difficulty is the sheer number of articles which must be tested.

Let the reader make an inventory of the branded articles in his household, from the automobile to the zinc ointment in the medicine chest, upon which tests for quality might have been useful: in an ordinary household there will be around 1,000 such articles. But these are only the ones actually purchased; each one of them was selected from among a number of competing brands. In some kinds of merchandise the number of brands is so great that testing them all is hopeless.

George K. Burgess, Director of the Bureau of Standards, is authority for the statement that there are in America 300 brands of pineapple, 500 brands of mustard, 100 brands of peas, 1,000 brands of canned salmon, 1,000 brands of canned peaches, 4,500 brands of canned corn, and 10,000 brands of wheat flour.

Here are only 7 articles on which the consumer might want guidance in the wilderness of brands; the total number of such articles which consumers might need will run into the thousands. This year's catalogue of one of the best known mail-order houses lists 45,000 articles. No individual consumer, of course, will buy 45,000 articles, but any consumer might want any one of them. Let some mathematician multiply the number of consumers' goods by the number of brands; the number of tests which would have to be made would be astronomical.

But where the number of brands of an article on the market is limited, as, say, on refrigerators or gasoline, tests would be possible; they would be even then of only temporary usefulness, for the brands are not stable. Before the ink is dry on the list of refrigerators rated *Recommended*, *Intermediate*, or *Not Recommended*, the manufacturers may have changed

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the motor, the refrigerant, or the type of insulation. Proprietary brands, especially of groceries, are often placed by their owners upon goods prepared by dozens of manufacturers, so that there is a wide variation within a brand at any one time. The owners of most of these brands could, if they would, prevent such variations, but there are some manufacturers who work with materials which can be graded only roughly. Where brands are not or cannot be made stable, the consumer is apt to be misled into an unjustified reliance on the validity of tests.

The costs of making tests, even upon only those items where the consumer needs advice most, would be tremendous.

Consider, for example, what it would cost to purchase for testing one automobile of each kind and model made in America. But even one of each would be insufficient, for there is always the chance of obtaining either an exceptionally good or an exceptionally bad sample, a "lemon," so that several cars of each model in each make would have to be bought. Automobiles, moreover, will be driven in the dry heat of Arizona, in the rains of Washington, in the severe winters of Minnesota, and in the dust storms of Kansas and Oklahoma, where the dust has cut the bearings out of some engines in a day. Tests, therefore, would have to be conducted under all the climatic conditions which prevail in the country. Allowance would have to be made for differences in loads, drivers, speeds, and types of road. Engineers would have to be hired to set up and to supervise the tests. The cost of such a test would be at least $1,000,000 dollars, and it would have to be repeated for each annual crop of new models. In view of the $1,250,000,000 spent for automobiles each year, the test would probably be worth making, but no advisory agency is in a position to undertake such an expenditure; it would have to be done, if done at all, by a government agency.

The Bureau of Standards has never sought the gigantic task of testing all consumers' goods on the market; indeed it could not undertake it without a vast increase in its staff and equipment.

IV

If any tests are to be worth while, the results must be quickly available to the consumer. The chemical analysis of foods and drugs takes only a few hours, but the testing of goods which are expected to wear for years is another matter. The prospective purchaser of an automobile cannot wait a year for tests to be completed, for by that time new models will be on the market. He may not be able to wait to have his house painted until a brand of paint has been subjected to several years of sun and rain.

To overcome this difficulty, tests are prepared which speed up natural wear or deterioration. Automobiles may be run day and night, through artificial dust and rain storms, and then wear may be measured and a year's wear calculated. Paint may be subjected to an arc light and to an intermittent spray of water to simulate sun and rain, so that the equivalent of a year's wearing may take place in two weeks.

In the setting of these tests the experts do not agree on what is a fair intensification of natural conditions; and, likewise, they do not agree on results. What, for instance, is a fair performance for a $700 automobile? How long should a pair of shoes be expected to last? How much lead arsenate should be tolerated on apples? There is bound to be a lot of guesswork in many of the tests, no matter how much scientific apparatus is brought to bear, and the director or manager of any advisory service is in a position to promote his private fads and hobbies.

What has been said so far applies to the testing of branded goods on the market. But a consumer does not buy only trade-marked goods; he buys many bulk, unbranded goods, such as coal, fruits, vegetables, and meat. The lower his scale of living, moreover, the greater the proportion of his expenditures which goes for food, and, similarly, the greater the amount of cheap, bulk, unbranded goods purchased. A consumers' advisory service can do nothing whatever to test the quality of these bulk goods on the market, and it can give only the most general advice on their use.

If testing of unbranded goods is almost totally hopeless, so is advice on the spending of that part of the consumer's income which goes for the services of others: doctors, dentists, lawyers, accountants, and so forth. Consumers' Research has attempted to advise subscribers on these problems, and the advice does no particular harm; but conditions and the needs

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of individuals vary so much that the paper and ink are almost wasted. The prospective client in Oshkosh or Walla Walla must rely on his own judgment and on such information as he can obtain concerning the ability and integrity of a lawyer; no advisory service can do much for him.

From a fourth to a third of a consumer's income goes to the maintenance of his home: to the payment of rent (or taxes and interest); to the purchase of electricity, gas, coal, insurance; and to the many other expenses of housekeeping. The selection of a house, either for renting or for purchasing, involves so many considerations which differ so much with localities and with personal preferences that any general advice is all but useless; here the buyer or renter must still beware. What the consumer pays for public utilities may be affected by what his governments do for him but not by what any advisory service can do.

V

Shopping with great care soon reaches a point of diminishing returns. It will obviously pay a consumer to spend considerable time and effort in finding the best value when he contemplates the purchase of some expensive article, such as an automobile, a piano, or an oil burner; but how much time is a man justified in spending to find, say, a shop which sells some recommended type of grade-A razor blades? Only a person who is unemployed can spend unlimited time in shopping, and it may be worth while for a busy man to take grade B instead. Women who shop very carefully doubtless save their families money, and certainly they avoid the frauds practiced on the careless buyer, but it is often questionable whether the return is worth the effort expended. They may, however, get a mental satisfaction, a psychic income, from their endeavors which counterbalances the fatigue and loss of time.

Good value does not always mean highest quality, even when quality is determinable; it means, rather, the best quality obtainable at a given price. It may pay to buy two grade-B razor blades rather than one grade-A blade if the grade-A blades sell for more than twice the grade-B blades and if quality is proportional to price. In many American cities grade-B milk is better value than grade-A, and second- and third-grade gasolines are often better value than first-grade.

The price element in value, however, is beyond the control of the consumers' advisory services; price is the result of the great complex of economic forces that is industry and business. It is affected by the scarcity of raw materials, by techniques of production, by styles, by costs of transportation, and by various business practices, such as price agreements and advertising. At the point of price, the interest of the consumer will be promoted by anything done anywhere in the stream of production which will bring him better goods for less money.

What, then, can be done to improve the position of the consumer?

In the first place, the purchasing power of vast sections of our population is so low that anything that is done must be aimed first at them. In 1929, according to the Brookings Institution, 21 per cent of all families in the United States had incomes of less than $1,000, including income derived from child labor and homework. These people, below the poverty line, cannot afford a subscription to a consumers' advisory service, and they would get little benefit from it if they got it free, since after their rent, heat, clothing, and food are paid for nothing is left for the purchase of those consumers' goods, such as mechanical devices, on which advice is most helpful. As consumers, the chief interest of these 6,000,000 families, even in the best of times, is to get enough to eat and wear and some sort of shelter.

In somewhat better circumstances were the 6,000,000 families with incomes between $1,000 and $1,500, but they were still below the income necessary ($2,000) to supply the bare, basic necessities of life. Indeed, 60 per cent of American families in 1929 received less than $2,000 of income, and 71 per cent received less than the amount necessary for minimum comfort ($2,500). The first consumers' problem for 71 per cent of the families in the United States appears to be getting enough to consume; our boasted standard of living was not much to boast about, even in 1929.

The consumers' co-operatives, now growing rapidly, claim to have a program for the 100,000,000 consumers who live below the line of minimum comfort which will increase their purchasing power at their present incomes by

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retaining for them the profits of the retailer and, whenever possible, those of the wholesaler and the manufacturer. But the dividends returned to members of the most successful co-operatives seldom exceed 10 per cent of purchases, and not more than 30 per cent of a family's expenditures could go for the goods and services ordinarily provided by co-operatives. Thus the widest possible use of co-operatives cannot be expected to increase the purchasing power of American consumers more than 2 or 3 per cent. Increases of 100 per cent and 200 per cent are needed.

VI

A CONSUMERS' PROGRAM has two aspects — it should include, first, those things which consumers may do for themselves, either individually or through associations, and, secondly, those things which government must do for them.

Consumers, on their own part, must learn to exercise a reasonable discretion in their buying, so that they will purchase, for instance, by net weight and not by the apparent size of a package. Consumers must read their insurance policies, so that they know that they are getting the kind of insurance they want. In purchasing automobiles or other articles on the installment plan, the buyers should spend a few minutes with pad and pencil to ascertain whether they are paying the six-per-cent interest commonly advertised or whether they are actually paying, as most installment buyers do, somewhere between ten- and twenty-per-cent. Nothing short of absolute paternalism can protect buyers from their own follies.

Any education of consumers which is done by the advisory services, by co-operatives, or by schools will help consumers to learn of what they must beware. Everybody should know what is meant by the common trade terms, such as Hudson seal, German silver, patent leather. Every consumer should learn to look for the formula on trade-marked articles which he buys, so that he will not pay high prices for tooth powders composed of sugar and common salt or pay exorbitant amounts for simple cleaning fluids in fancy containers. If the seller cannot or will not reveal of what the product is made, the consumer should decline to buy. The advisory services can help consumers by any information they give them concerning the simpler chemistry of ordinary foods, drugs, and cleansers. Consumers may preserve control over the quality and price of some of the goods they purchase by buying co-operatively. All this is worth while, even if it does not go very far.

Government may do something for the consumer's interest at every one of the infinite number of points where government and business come together. Innumerable actions of government affect the prices that consumers pay; some of the most obvious are tariffs, taxes, subsidies, the regulation of transportation and other public utilities, the enforcement of prohibitions against monopoly and the restraints of trade, health and sanitary inspections, and labor legislation. Wherever government is free to act in the consumer's interest, it should, in principle, do so.

Sound public policy may indicate, however, that at some of these points another interest should precede the consumer's interest; the purchaser of a shirt, for example, would naturally seek to obtain it at the lowest possible price, but an intelligent and humane government cannot permit the price of the shirt to be brought down by child labor in the textile mills or by sweatshop work in its manufacture. The adjustment of these interests is the concern of government, and everyone knows, of course, that the adjustments are often badly made, that legitimate demands of consumers are frequently disregarded. Nevertheless the adjustments, however imperfect, must be made: we cannot blindly put the consumer's interest always foremost.

Study after study has shown us that the purchasing power of American consumers remains at its present low level not because of any want of factories or of raw materials, but because of a faulty economic system. Without reducing the incomes of the rich, it would still be possible to make $2,500 the minimum family income in the United States. The program by which this can be attained is not a simple one, and such an income cannot be reached this year or next, but man knows today that there is no longer any reason for poverty but his own collective folly.

While the improvement in purchasing power is a long time process which may go to the very bottom of our economy, there are many protections that government can extend to consumers at once.

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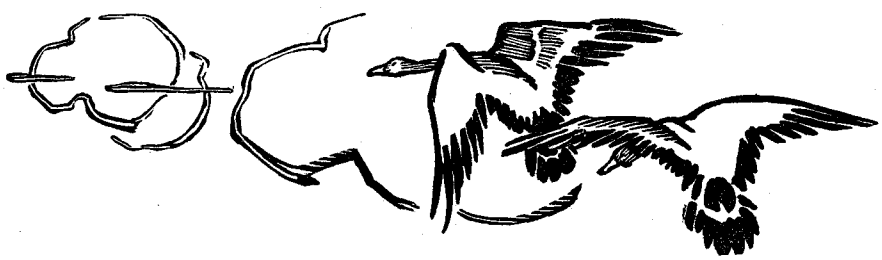
The first of these is the requirement of honest labeling. A blanket which is offered as *all wool* should contain nothing but wool; and *pure silk* should mean all silk, not a mixture of silk and rayon, perhaps weighted with tin or lead. Products that vary in quality should be plainly graded, not by such misleading terms as *choice*, *extra*, or *fancy* but by a simple A, B, C system, uniform for all interstate commerce. Here the old rule of *caveat emptor* must give way to *caveat vendor*, for the ordinary consumer cannot otherwise find his way through the wilderness of trade-marks.

The advertising and sale of useless and dangerous patent medicines will be somewhat restricted by the Wheeler-Lea act, passed at the last session of Congress. The Federal Trade Commission is given specific jurisdiction over the advertising of foods, drugs, and cosmetics. Food that contains poison can no longer be sold in interstate commerce.

No consumers' Utopia is just around the corner. No single act or program is going to redeem the consumer in 30 days. But, if consumers and all the different agencies of government that have jurisdiction will do all that they can, the interest of the consumer in our economy will be immensely improved.



The Challenge of Progressive Education

by **V. F. CALVERTON**

I ARRIVED at Beacon Hill School just before sundown, with the Somerset country glittering spectroscopically from one end of the horizon to the other, and before I knew it I was rushed into a building which was as vacant and silent as a tomb. It seemed impossible to believe that this was a school. All my knowledge of schools in the past had led me to believe that, whatever else schools were or were not, they were vibrant places, excitingly active, intense, turbulent, and never noiseless. This school seemed like no school I had ever seen or known. It was a miracle of silence.

Alas, my feelings on that score were most rudely challenged, when a few minutes later, just as I was sitting down to devour a characteristic English mutton egg dinner, an army of children, of all ages, ranging from three to twelve, besieged me — in all their natural, primitive (or call it what you will but, nevertheless, startling) nakedness. You must not think that nakedness — or nudity as it now is called, euphemistically, in New Jersey, where Mayor Hague will forgive anything provided it adopts a nomenclature which no one, including himself, can understand — is at all shocking to me. I have spent times, nudistically I confess, in several pseudonudist

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camps — everyone in the camps was a nudist except the wives of the men who ran the camps — but never was their nudity unaffected or natural. With these children, however, it was the most natural thing in the world. It was almost as if clothes had no meaning to them except as things they put on when they went home to see their parents.

I should not, however, like the reader to think that Beacon Hill School is a nudist school. It definitely is not. What it is is a modern progressive school which is as unconventional in matters of sex as it is in methods of instruction.

The school, laid among the Somerset downs, was originally founded by Bertrand and Dora Russell, but, since the separation and divorce of the couple, it has been continued by Dora, who in recent years has lent the school a more radical political emphasis. It aims to carry out the principles of progressive education to their logical conclusions. The aim alone is significant, because the history of all educational principles and theories has been that of compromise, not fulfillment. Even the most progressive schools in the United States, handicapped as they are by the Puritan background of the populace, have been forced to compromise with their original principles in order to survive.

At this point, let us raise the question of what progressive education is, what it aims at, and how it goes about achieving that aim.

Progressive education is progressive in that it believes in developing the child, cultivating its personality, drawing out its best potentialities, rather than in cramming its mind with an accumulation of facts, dates, details, the majority of which is forgotten later anyway and, when remembered, constitutes little more than useless baggage to weigh down the individual the rest of his life. It is more important, the progressive educators declare — and Dora Russell and A. S. Neill are among the most outspoken in this regard — to develop children into human beings with individual personalities and with sensitive and intelligent reactions than into mnemonic machines equipped to pass examinations, master the obvious, and conform to the conventional.

The aim of education in the past has been to make people into intellectual absorbers (many times without even a shock-absorbing equipment), not intelligent individualities. The belief was that, if you learned enough Latin and Greek, studied enough history, you would become an intelligent individuality.

Centuries of such education, however, have proved the opposite. The best students (which phrase includes that pathological species, Phi Beta Kappa) have seldom proved, by the law of averages, to be the most interesting, the most dynamic, the most significant, or the most challenging individualities bred by conventional college instruction.

The English progressive schools — Beacon Hill School, Summerhill School, and Dartington School — as all other progressive schools in their own respective ways, acquire significance to the degree that they are based on a different theory. They are not concerned with how much a child learns in the academic sense but with how much it derives from its work in a human, personal sense. They believe in allowing the child to decide what it wants to do, because they believe that the child will not profit from doing what it doesn't want to do.

Two Philosophies at Stake

Theories of education, like theories of philosophy, revolve about the basic conflict of man's nature; is it, as Rousseau and Locke contended, essentially good or is it, as Hobbes maintained, essentially evil, needing the restrictions, punishments, and disciplines of conventional education to curb its antisocial, predatory tendencies? Are children (to carry the argument further), possessed of an essential goodness which can be evoked only by an education of freedom, or are they brats, imps, devils, who have to be "sat upon" constantly and watched and corrected — and even spanked — at every turn?

The arguments of the two schools are simple, and, since there is so much discussion these days about their respective contentions, it is important to analyze them in more detail before coming to a conclusion about them.

The conventional school contends that the reason there is so much criminality among the young today is that we (that is parents, educators, etc.) treat children with such culpable leniency. The argument goes back to the old proverb: *Spare the rod and spoil the child.* Instead of allowing children the freedoms that we do, we should adopt sterner methods and

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more disciplined procedures in dealing with them. If we do, we shall find a better race of people afterwards — more ordered, more responsible, more civilized. Crime will be less frequent; people will know more; and society will improve. Such is the belief of the conventional educators, of all the law-and-order people, and that belief is translated into action, in varying and devious ways, in reformatory schools, religious schools, and public schools.

The argument of the progressive educators, on the other hand, runs as follows: "The child is a good and not an evil being," to quote A. S. Neill, the founder of the internationally famous Summerhill School of progressive education; what is wrong with the child today results not from relinquishment or even relaxation of discipline but from the overwhelming emphasis on it by the unprogressive schools, which achieve by such technique a distortion and disfiguration of the child's personality, breeding hate instead of love as a concomitant of their approach and method. The consequence is a child who is constantly afraid of authority, whose personality is dominated by fear, and who is totally unequipped to be himself when he faces the world. Crime, irresponsibility, ignorance, the progressive educators assert, are mainly the product of the fears and hates which derive from the suppressive and oppressive techniques of conventional education. The child cannot be himself when he is afraid of his teachers, of his parents, of authority of any kind; he can be himself only when he has no fears whatsoever, of teachers, parents, or any adult or superior. When children can be developed into human beings who are emancipated from fear and hate complexes, society will benefit as well as the individuals thus educated. We shall have fewer crimes, less irresponsibility, and less ignorance.

From Dewey to Neill

In the Beacon Hill School, in the Summerhill School, or in Dr. Currie's Dartington School, which Bertrand Russell's own children attend, the same general principle prevails, however much each school differs from the others in the respective application of that principle. These schools all maintain that children are bad, disingenuous, unmanageable, evil only because they have been miseducated — because the child has been made to fit the school instead of the school's being made to fit the child.

To be sure, it is to John Dewey, more than any other, that the credit for this movement is owing. It was Dewey, many years before, who laid the foundations for this approach; in other words, he was interested in the doctrine of growth rather than that of discipline and devoted his talents in that direction. He was convinced that children had living in them potentialities which conventional education never evoked. He believed that children were entities in themselves and had to be dealt with as such and not treated as young adults into whom all the disciplines of maturity were to be introduced. Dewey was one of the first of the modern educators to give philosophic formulation to what has since become known as the ideal of progressive education.

As A. S. Neill states in his most interesting book, *That Dreadful School*, conventional education derives from a time when psychology was an unknown science; progressive education dates from the time when psychology became a science and a new concept of the child was born. Actually, there is nothing very new about the concept. It was born out of Rousseau and the whole romantic concept of education and found its first expression in *Émile*. It is the *application* of the idea which is original and challenges attention.

Let us look a little closer at the methods employed by these schools. A. S. Neill writes:

> Lessons in Summerhill are optional. Children can go to them or stay away from them — for years if they want to. . . . I have no interest in how children learn. We have no new methods of teaching because we do not consider that teaching very much matters. . . . Strangers to the idea of freedom in the school will be wondering what sort of madhouse it is where teachers smoke while they teach and the children play all day if they want to.

Nevertheless, as A. S. Neill points out, there is no worse punishment that the school government can inflict on a pupil than to propose that he be banished from lessons for a week. Children, like adults, A. S. Neill maintains,

> learn what they want to learn in life, but all the prize-giving and marks and exams sidetrack the personality. Only pedants can claim that learning from books is education. Books are the least important apparatus in a school. All that any child needs is the Three R's; the rest should be tools and clay and sports and theatres and paints . . . and freedom.

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In a word, competition in studies and the presence of authority breed hate, whereas the absence of such competition and authority breeds love, and it is love, co-operation, generosity that these progressive English schools strive to cultivate.

The American Schools

They follow what Marietta Johnson, the founder of the famous Fairhope, Alabama, school, has called the play theory of education. "The child must love his study and work as he does play," Marietta Johnson declares, and no child, she insists, "should ever be conscious of failure." Consequently, there are no examinations, no grading, no promotions or demotions in her school. In another place, in her book, *Youth in a World of Men*, she adds: "I am always afraid of exhibits. They show what the children did but they do not show what they did to the children." Miss Johnson insists:

> The early use of books may develop an unsocial attitude. . . . The use of books at an early age develops the tendency to accept words for conceptions, instead of experience.

She goes on further to add that reading at an early age is bad for the nervous system and stresses also the fact that one of the first necessities in progressive education is to remove all desks from the schoolroom and substitute chairs and tables for them.

What Marietta Johnson has said is illustrative if not typical of the outlook of all progressive educators, although many of them would not go as far as she does in her stress on freedom from authority and discipline. Every progressive school, for instance, reiterates the same principle, that it aims to cultivate the individuality of the child.

The Walden School, for example, declares that "the deepest objective of the Walden School's philosophy is the preservation of the individuality of each child," and adds that it "has been a pioneer in taking as its leading objective the study of the subtle structure of the personality of each child."

The Little Red School House stresses the same objective and adds that the ideal of its school is to have children work in a co-operative rather than a competitive atmosphere — which is borne out by this further statement:

> There are no marks or awards. The standard of work is maintained as far as possible through stimulating the children's interest in the doing and the product of work, rather than by means of rivalry or competition.

The objective of the Lincoln School is not dissimilar. It seeks to make

> education an inherent part of life rather than a mere learning about life, to provide the opportunity for each individual to build a personality able and disposed to independent thought.

In fact there is no progressive school worthy of the name which would deviate from the objective.

The great problem which faces all these schools, of course, is how successfully such education will fit these children for the competitive, unco-operative world into which they will be thrust later in life. One of the greatest weaknesses of the schools is that only middle-class parents with a decent adequacy of income can afford to send their children to them. Industrial workers cannot manage it. Mr. Neill himself has admitted regretfully, "We have never been able to take the children of the poor."

Notwithstanding this limitation, the English schools have one marked advantage over most American progressive schools in that they keep the children with them all through the educational year and thus avoid a good deal of the conflict that arises when children go home after school and find a division between what they have been taught in school and what they are taught at home.

Education and Society

The whole business of education, of course, is tied up inevitably and inalienably with the nature of society. It is not without significance for instance, that Hitler's first act in the field of education was to close all the progressive schools in Germany, among which was the internationally famous Bauhaus School of Walter Gropius, and that over a decade ago Stalin put an end to the progressive schools in Soviet Russia. Progressive education, as we have seen, believes in the fundamental principle of developing and cultivating the individual personality. Dictatorships do not, cannot, believe in that principle; they believe in the conscription and suppression of individuality and the cultivation of a goose-stepping mentality. They believe not in individuality but in conformity. They are built on the concept of fear and not that of freedom.

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Basic to the whole conflict is the question whether the development of individuality as achieved by capitalist society marks the highest step so far attained by man in his evolutionary struggle to realize his greatest powers — Herbert Spencer would have called it the advance from the undifferentiated to the differentiated — or whether that development, concomitant as it was with all the economic evils of that society, was only a discontinuous, episodic mutation.

Individuality as a psychological phenomenon, of course, must not be confused with individualism as an economic doctrine, yet at the same time the two cannot be completely divorced. While many individualities emerged from pre-individualist and even anti-individualist societies, they were always either persons who sprang from the upper classes of those societies or people who were encouraged, supported, and patronized by members of the upper classes. It has been only in economically individualist societies such as have dominated since the advent of capitalism that people in all ranks of life, lower classes as well as upper, have found it possible to develop individualities in their own right. Their individualities, to be sure, have been conditioned by two factors: their opportunities to earn a living independent of church or state and their natural ability to take advantage of such opportunities. As would be expected, the poorer groups developed fewer individualities — after all, individuality is a luxury which poor people can seldom afford — than the richer and more powerful groups. When all is said, individuality means difference; difference is the criterion of its existence. To the extent to which a man differs from other men, in ability, in reaction, in behavior, he is an individuality; to the extent to which he is like everybody else, he is not an individuality. In that sense the lone village atheist in a Baptist town is an individuality, whereas the same person in a large city would lack that distinction. In no other society have so many individualities been developed as in that of modern capitalism. Individuality thus can result from two things: genius, which sets an individual apart at once, or uncommonness of personality.

Modern capitalist society has developed individuality; modern fascist and communist societies believe in discouraging individuality. The question is, regardless of fascism or communism, whether the whole direction of contemporary society, with the constant increase in governmental power and control which has occurred all over the world, will not lead eventually to the destruction of the individuality concept. It is the collective, the mass concept which is being extolled today. All individuals must believe alike, think alike, be alike. Such was the condition of the Middle Ages when the Catholic Church was the dictator. Are we approaching a neo-medievalistic period, with nationalist governments instead of an international church functioning as the fountainhead of power? At the present moment, France, under the leadership of Daladier, is heading for a similar situation. Will England and, ultimately, the United States follow?

If so, progressive education, with its individuality concept, will be crushed as completely as it has been in Germany and Soviet Russia. Only if democracy persists — by democracy I do not mean necessarily our present kind; I can envision an industrial democracy which could serve that purpose far better than our political one — can progressive education survive.

Education vs. Indoctrination

What is obvious, in conclusion, is that the struggle is between education and indoctrination. In the Middle Ages, there was no education, no calling out of the individual those forces living in him, no challenging awakening of his personality — but simply the process of indoctrination, filling his mind with those ideas, concepts, notions, disciplines that the church believed necessary in order to make him an obedient Christian. In Stalinist Russia, Hitlerized Germany, Mussolinized Italy, in fact in all totalitarian states, the same process of indoctrination is taking place. Children in those countries are taught not to think but to follow; they are developed not as individualities but as mental yes men whose duty is not to question, not to challenge, but to do and die in keeping with the state's command.

If the forces of indoctrination prevail over those of education not only will progressive education be destroyed, but all education and all progress will be flung back a thousand years.

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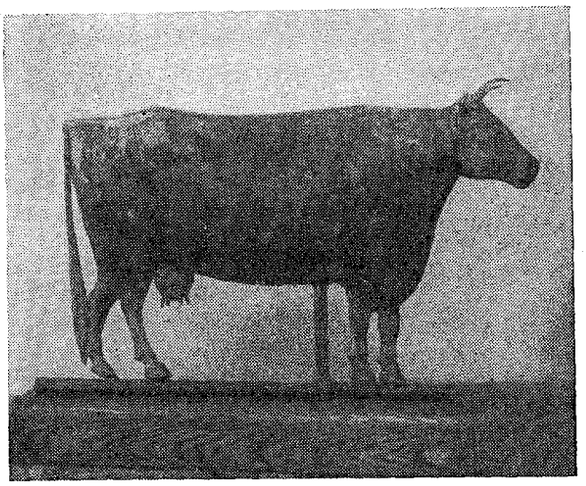
The Artist's Point of View

Early American Art — Surprise at the Wilde Collection



Early American Weather Vane

FOR MANY YEARS I have been saying unkind things about the inordinate worship and buying of antiques so characteristic of our time. But this upbraiding was never intended to slight works of ancient art as such; it was aimed at the romantic escape from creative responsibility for and participation in the art of the present. This antiquarian veneration, I assumed, included also early American fine arts. I have been shocked to learn it does not.

The United States has three outstanding examples of its own genuine folk art — samplers, the early weather-vane sculptures, and primitive paintings, both portrait and landscape. All these were creations in a genuine art form. They dealt with contemporary life, and were used in the homes of people of their time. Such characteristics mark a living art and earn for their country a place in the art tradition of the ages.

Some years ago I saw a remarkable collection of early American samplers hanging in the library of Vassar College. It was a gift to the college. It had been refused by the art department on the ground that samplers are not art. It had been accepted gratefully by a puzzled librarian.

Recently I have seen the Isabel Carleton Wilde collection of early American sculptures and paintings. To see them I went not to a Fifth Avenue mansion or a $10,000,000 national gallery of art but to a storage warehouse on Third Avenue, New York, where a tolerant manager had allowed this art of our forefathers to spill out into the hall from its seven-foot crypt. Lovingly Mrs. Wilde showed masterpiece after masterpiece and told of their rescuing from old barns, attics, and antique shoppes. Her love I was quick to see was for the works themselves — not for the collecting or the hope of gain.

Then came the shock. Mrs. Wilde, needing money, had to sell a few pieces. She was having difficulty in finding a buyer.

"But the museums," I said. "Aren't you giving them a chance?" And I was thinking of the $400,000 the Metropolitan had spent in 1936 for antique additions to its collections and that here was the one antique art product which it could most logically buy according to its own buying philosophy.

"Oh, the museums aren't interested," answered Mrs. Wilde with a tinge of impatience. "They just aren't interested in early American art. It's not a question of price; they don't understand."

"But I thought they bought all antiques of quality, even American. I thought —"

"You thought wrong. Neither museums nor wealthy art patrons are buying this genuine art. There is practically no market for it today."

Museums have bought vast quantities of significant art of the past. They have practically always failed to buy significant art of the present. But here is a significant folk art of the past which is our own and a great credit to America. They fail to see it. (Mrs. Wilde states that not all museums and collectors — notably the Modern and Newark museums and Mrs. Rockefeller — are so blind.)

Does this mean that museum officials in general fail to see all art, even that of the El Grecos and Raphaels which they value so highly?

If one experiences the art in one work he normally experiences art wherever it exists — and vice versa.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

Anthologies

A New Anthology of Modern Poetry, edited by Selden Rodman (Random House, $3.00). This is a distinguished anthology. It is a catholic selection of the keenest and most confident poetry of our naked noonday, chosen without prejudice from the left, the center, and the right.

The Poetry House Anthology, edited by Michael Everett. (Poetry House, $5.00). The better rhymes of the popular verse of today that will answer the responsible but generous test of the radio. Sanguine but not maudlin.

Cowboy Songs, collected by John A. & Alan Lomax (Macmillan, $3.75). An indispensable accession to the folk poetry and music of America.

English Poetry, selected by Kenneth Muir (Oxford, $2.00). A new selection for students of British verse, independent of the old anthologies, made by a discriminating editor. The poems are chronologically grouped by subject, with the author's name omitted and the antique spellings and aroma retained.

The Silver Branch, selected by Sean O'Faolain (Viking, $2.00). From the vast body of heroic sagas and artificial verse of Irish schools and monasteries before 1400 A.D. this anthologist has culled gems of genuine poetry, flashes of pure observation of nature, and natural love lyrics.

Life and Art, edited by Thomas Burke (Bruce Humphries, $0.75). A choice and varied selection for casual reading.

Our Lady's Choir, edited by William Stanley Braithwaite (Humphries, $1.00). Verse of serene beauty and poised by penetrating observation.

Books about Poetry

Walt Whitman and the Springs of Courage, by Haniel Long (Writers' Editions, $2.50). With complete assurance an American poet who owes much to Walt Whitman traces from his prose, as well as his poetry, the influences of friends and reading that gave a lonely poet the courage to evolve his own personal religion and assert an indomitable personality.

Poetry and Its Forms, by Mason Long (Putnam, $2.75). A handbook of the origin and function of various verse forms. This book is a good companion for Miss Mansfield's practical manual for versemakers.

B — Poetry of Distinction

Lyrics of the Nile, by C. R. Ashbee (Oxford, $2.50). Distinguished interpretations of Egypt's past and present.

Poems: New and Selected, by Melville Cane (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). A master of the swift, the light, the indelible.

Coming and Going, by Wilfrid Gibson (Oxford, $1.75). Convincing power and maturity.

Glory of Earth, by Anderson M. Scruggs (Oglethorpe, $2.00). This Georgian is an American poet; there is verse in this volume that will remain permanent souvenirs of our century.

C — Verse of Merit

Columbia Poetry 1938 (Columbia, $1.00). The young singers of King's College are worthy of their teacher, Leonora Speyer. There are veritable poets growing in these cocoons.

The Bright North, by Abbie Huston Evans (Macmillan, $1.75). Exasperatingly awkward in phrasing but spotted with dazzling incandescence.

Midstream-Midnight, by Robert Goldsborough (privately printed). Fresh observation in verse of technical power.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Ki-Yi, by Burges Johnson (Putnam, $1.75). Just right; not overdone; quite the best in dog verse.

Fantasia, by Wade Oliver (Mosher, $2.00). Flawless classic technique; the accurate observations of a man of science; sure, quiet imagery.

This Living Urge, by Lorraine Patterson (Harrison, $1.50). Crude, but here and there a vital spark that will reward search.

Mirrors of Venus, by John Wheelwright (Humphries, $2.50). Mathematical and symbolic, a novel in sonnets for the graduate student of metrical experiment.

Testament, by Martha Wilson (Richards, London, 5 s.). Another serious sequence on the eternal theme, sophisticated but not mystical, in fact sometimes too colloquial.

D — Verse of Originality

Henry Harrison has published seventeen new volumes of verse of individual contemporary poets in the same convenient format but in a variety of covers; $1.50 each. A volume each is devoted to Louise Abney; Catherine Ames Clinedinst; Helen Wieand Cole; Joseph S. Cotter, Sr.; Nellie I. Crabb; Gladys Brown Denison; Harold Strong Gulliver; Robert Hein; Eleanor Herrick; Ralph Lindmark; Mavor Moore; Albert Osborn; Mabel Etheleen Palmer; Lorraine Patterson; Julius M. Richardson; Evalyn Schaffle; and Lucy Mae Turner. All these poets handle traditional meters and write in open, popular vein, often in gay mood, as though work were sincere and life very much worth the living.

The same comment applies to three other volumes published by Henry Harrison: Along the Way, by Alice M. Dowd & Luella Dowd Smith ($2.00); The Divine Adventure, by Mabel Goode Frantz — an eager Tennessee muse — ($2.00); and The Gold of Dawn, by Dorothy Sproule — healthy Canadian verse — ($2.75).

Borderlands; Overseas; Philosophy for Every Day; and Native Notes, by Clarence Dan Blachly (privately printed, $1.50 for the set of 4). Simple and copious and joyous observation of beauty in every articulation of life.

My Cape Cod, by Sarah Dixon (Humphries, $1.00). Taut and salty.

Much verse in pamphlet form is being published in these days. The Oxford University Press has brought out several beautiful bits from the Spanish. Now comes its Verona Press Rhyme Sheets ($1.50), with elaborate decorations in color, something for the exclusive connoisseur. Bruce Humphries publishes Salutation to Valediction, by Sherry Mangan ($0.35); and Words, by Edgar B. Cronkhite ($0.50) is issued in Denver by the Bishop Publishing Company. We note also Poets of Today, by Robert Clairmont — humorous surprise — (Universal, $0.50) and Challenge to Fear, by Leslie Ault (Branch, $0.35).

E — Verse of Local or Personal Appeal

Sharps & Flats, by Nelle Barnes (Christopher, $1.50). Epigrams that don't quite grip.

Spectrum, by Elvia Graham Melton (Chapman & Grimes, $1.00). A jaunty versifier familiar to the small-town press.

A Little Heart Trouble, by Michael O'Mara (Christopher, $1.25). A bachelor's lament for sundry lady loves.

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THE RECORD REVIEW

HAYDN: SYMPHONY NO. 13 IN C MAJOR. Arturo Toscanini & the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (Victor M, AM 454; 3 records, $6.50).

MOZART: SYMPHONY NO. 29 IN A MAJOR. Sir Thomas Beecham & the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia 333; 3 records, $5.00).

MOZART: SYMPHONY NO. 38 IN D MAJOR. PRAGUE. Bruno Walter & the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (Victor M, AM 457; 3 records, $6.50).

BEETHOVEN: VIOLIN SONATAS, VOL. 2. Simon Goldberg, violin, & Lili Krauss, piano (Decca 3; 5 records, $5.25).

No amount of lavish promotion can countenance the ineptitudes of the first recording of Toscanini conducting the new N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Some of them may be charged against the Maestro. But the bulk of the shortcomings are the fault of the acoustical engineers who built that acoustical atrocity known as Studio 8-H in Radio City.

Whoever attended the concerts of the N.B.C. Symphony in person knows how Studio 8-H cuts the resonance to the quick and reduces tonal brilliance to a dry pallor — allegedly to conform to the exigencies of radio broadcasting. Since the cutting was made "as at an actual broadcast," one readily understands the dullness and the lack of resiliency in the discs.

But this is not the entire explanation of the matter. Toscanini or no Toscanini, the interpretation is too stylized. It lacks spontaneity and borders on the precious. Haydn, though not a Mozart, was never precious, but Toscanini makes him appear so. Under other auspices, this quality might be obscured, but in the deadness of 8-H details become magnified and destructive of a spirited performance.

Victor, try as it may, can overcome neither the acoustics of 8-H nor the mannerisms of Toscanini. But Victor can do something about recording in a "live" studio. Otherwise, the future recordings of the N.B.C. Symphony — I assume there will be more — will be lacking in spaciousness as is the present one.

Of two Mozart symphonies recorded recently, one represents Mozart before he reached his fullest flowering, and the other represents him at the height of his remarkable creative power.

The first, in the same category as No. 25 (reviewed a few months ago), has not the exuberance and ingeniousness of the later Mozart works and, to me, seems limited in appeal.

A knowing Mozart scholar, however, advises me that this is not the fault of the music itself but of the Beecham performance. I find this hard to believe, for the last movement has genuine Mozartean gusto. It seems questionable that Beecham should emasculate three movements while properly exploiting the fourth. The more reasonable explanation appears to be that No. 29, despite its scintillating finale, is basically a weak symphony — weak, yet pregnant with several unforgettable themes.

Columbia's recording is excellent, reproducing soft passages with richness of tone and with clarity.

The "Prague" Symphony belongs to the era of "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," and you can trace quotations from those sparkling sources in it. A long introduction preceding the first movement proper indicates the maturity of the musical thought to follow, and, when the tempo changes to allegro, a radiant shower of joyous tones sweeps out.

Mr. Walter projects the music fervently, although in places the playing is unnecessarily opaque. A reduced orchestra might have avoided this fact. Both No. 29 and the "Prague" symphonies belong in Mozart collections, and the "Prague" is the kind of work which I, at least, find irresistible.

The second volume of the Beethoven Sonatas by Mr. Goldberg and Miss Krauss offers Sonatas in A Major (Opus 12 and Opus 30. No. 1). In this set, there is more material to judge the performance of these gifted collaborators by, for one's ears are not attuned to countless previous versions, as in the Kreutzer and Spring sonatas. And it is a fortunate moment, for they are virtuosi in their fields and they are also sympathetic partners.

The Sonatas are played by Mr. Goldberg and Miss Krauss with a feeling for Beethoven's quality and a delicacy and imagination which are refreshing in this era of "mechanized" playing. Through the noisiness of Decca's records, their phrasing and style come forth in fresh, sensitive patterns.

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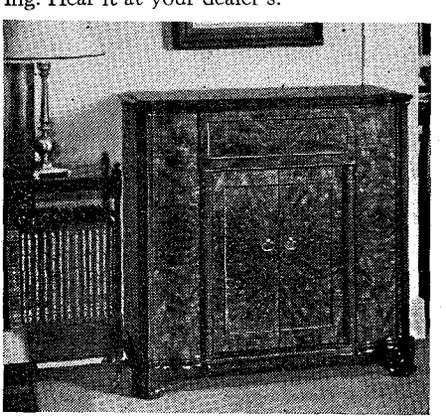

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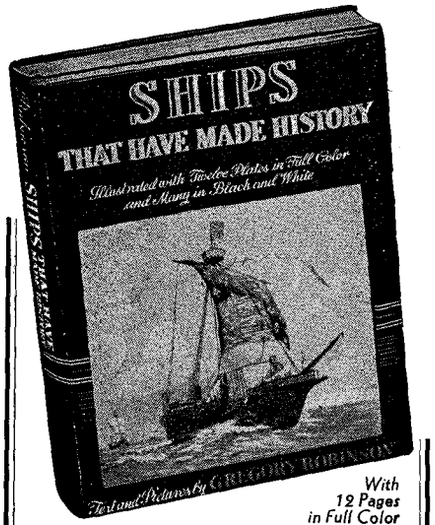
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Pan-Pacific Press Bureau

HAWAII — *The "Kona Nightingale" powered Beach Express — and worth catching! Some call it palm-frond surfing*

The Time, the Place, the Vacation!

by **HARRY J. PRICE**

TIMES haven't changed, in spite of what they tell you.

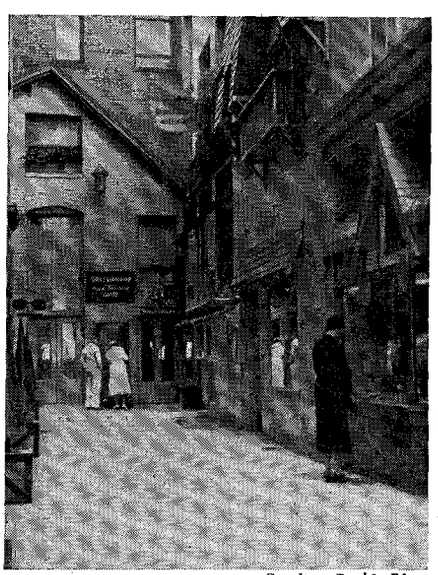
What may look like precedent-shattering innovations are as old and tried as the gray-bearded ancient with the scythe himself. The same things were said and done centuries ago that today startle us with their strangeness.

But it's only because we've forgotten.

And the present-day highly specialized travel concerns can find the origin of their callings in the old Grand Tour of the eighteenth-century European dandy, who could not call his education complete until he had passed as many as three years in visiting France, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland.

Today, however, while the idea is old, the methods are new.

Fast, comfortable, steamers and carefully planned cruises erase the old discomforts and even hardships of the Grand Tour. In addition, there is no stipulated itinerary. The whole world offers all the educational advantages — with, praise be, lots of enjoyment added.



Southern Pacific Photo

Tillman Place, reminiscent of old England but actually in San Francisco's shopping district

The only problem these days, once you've found the time and decided on a vacation, is the problem of where to go. There are so many places.

Do you find yourself curious about that vast State on the Pacific Coast, of whose many charms only one small share is Hollywood? Then you're the typical American who knows that his own great West is worth seeing.

California brings to mind mighty forests, with groves of giant trees, immense national parks — Sequoia and Yosemite the most famous — mountains and lakes, ocean beaches. All this magnificence of scenery is accompanied by a delightful climate.

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Pan-Pacific Press Bureau

HAWAII — *The Dance to Pele, legendary goddess of volcanoes. Spectacular and beautiful. Now frequently given for travelers*

Cunard White Star

NASSAU — *Where it's spring when it's fall here. A peep at the famous Paradise Beach — one of the beauty spots of the world. Cunarder* Carinthia *will do a series of calls at Nassau and Havana this fall*

CALIFORNIA is but four days by boat from Hawaii — an extension tour that may be made in conjunction with any trip to the west coast.

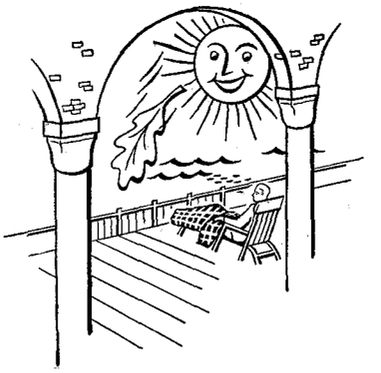
As your ship approaches this group of islands, you will be unprepared for the beauties to come, for the first sight of the Hawaiian Islands is rather forbidding. Great snow-capped mountains descend sharply to the water's edge, and there is an air of desolation and barrenness.

Then, as if you had stepped through a door, the true Hawaii is revealed — flowers in profusion, waterfalls, the scent of ginger, hibiscus, and passion flowers. In every direction a different scene — here a gorgeous coral beach, here a majestic crater, there a group of lovely palms.

The islands are inhabited by a heterogeneous mixture of peoples. Most of the original purebred Hawaiians are intermarried with Europeans, and now the

On Cypress Point golf course, Seventeen Mile Drive, Del Monte, California

Southern Pacific Photo



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And, when hunger calls, regale that sudden appetite with a harvest of savory dishes. Good food is just one of the attractions at these famous hotels. Large cheerful rooms, sunny lounges, music, and thoughtful service are some of the others. Health baths. Restricted clientele.

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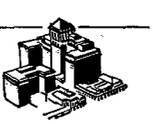

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Travel

streets are vivid with crowds of Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians, Nipponese, Portuguese, Chinese, Filipinos, Americans, Britons, Germans, and others.

The famous beaches beggar description, and, of course, everybody goes surf riding. Then there is the exquisite Kapiolani Park in Honolulu.

Of course, you must not fail to see Diamond Head, the extinct volcano where the United States Government has established fortifications.

Now take yourself from Hawaii to Nassau, if you please.

When you visit Nassau, you're virtually retracing the steps of Columbus.

San Salvador, where Columbus first discovered America is one of the 2,000 odd islands and rocks that go to form The Bahamas. Columbus, however, didn't have the brains to continue on to New Providence Island on which Nassau is situated, or he would have discovered the natural beauties of Paradise Beach.

Today, glass-bottomed boats afford the visitor the means of seeing the famous Marine Gardens in the harbor. Inland you'll enjoy the club, hotel, and social activities of this sample of British colonial life in the tropics. The American angle to the situation is Dirty Dick's — and let no man dismiss a good rum punch lightly!

Your itinerary allows plenty of time to visit Nassau's historic sights, included in which are the pre-Revolutionary forts and the famous Queen's staircase.

But enough of words. It's unnecessary to gild the lily. Nassau is all it's cracked up to be and should head your fall *must* list.

Market Scene, Nassau, The Bahamas

Cunard White Star

Forum Quiz Answers

1. *Billy Rose (3)*
2. *Chum'-ly (2)*
3. *Oscar Wilde (2) ("Do you really think that it is weakness that yields to temptation? I tell you there are terrible temptations which it requires strength, strength and courage to yield to." — "An Ideal Husband," Act II)*
4. *A puzzling line from Gertrude Stein (3)*
5. *The Badgers (3)*
6. *A verse from "The Mikado," by Gilbert and Sullivan (3)*
7. *Eat it, with pleasure (3)*
8. *An association of well-to-do young ladies (2)*
9. *"Riding in a howdah is better than walking in that jungle!" (3)*
10. *Some of his sketches and water colors (3)*
11. *How many people listen to your radio program (3)*
12. *A movie stunt man (4)*
13. *William Blake (3)*
14. *Maude Adams (2)*
15. *The New York Daily News (3)*
16. *Kenneth L. Roberts (1)*
17. *Picasso (2)*
18. *Clark Gable (2)*
19. *His heart was pure (2)*
20. *Language of swing musicians and jitterbugs (3)*
21. *"This is certainly unusual for this time of year." (1)*
22. *There are about a dozen peaks higher than Pike's in Colorado (3)*
23. *William L. Chenery (2)*
24. *Abraham Lincoln (2)*
25. *A boxer of amazing speed and skill (1)*
26. *Edward Weston (1)*
27. *The Buckeye State (2)*
28. *Dorothy Parker (3)*
29. *His 5-room cottage retreat (2)*
30. *Francis Bacon (4) ("He that hath Wife and Children, hath given Hostages to Fortune." — from the essay, "Of Marriage and Single Life")*
31. *And I know she thinks o' me (2)*
32. *"You go first, and I'll precede you." (3)*
33. *The Windy City (1)*
34. *William McChesney Martin (3)*
35. *At least 4 games out of 7 (1)*
36. *Virgo (5)*
37. *Peter Freuchen (1)*
38. *The double-crossroads of America (2)*
39. *A novelist, using the name John Buchan (4)*
40. *Helsingfors (2)*

TOASTS

JAMES V. TAYLOR spent his boyhood in Jersey City, where he is now a Y.M.C.A. secretary. In between, he wandered a good deal about the country, worked at a number of jobs, entered and graduated from college with no high-school preparation, and passed ten years in the Methodist Episcopal ministry.

FOSTER GILROY, a native Philadelphian, was once a newspaperman, on both the editorial and business sides. When the *New York World*, of which he had been advertising manager and assistant business manager, died, he tackled advertising, which still occupies him, in New York.

MARC A. ROSE, a native of the Middle West, is an ex-newspaperman. He was formerly Editor of *Business Week* and is known as a writer on monetary problems.

MARY M. COLUM, after a summer spent abroad, chiefly in Paris, will return to New York this October.

LLOYD FRANKENBERG is a rising young poet whose first professional acceptance was by THE FORUM.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE'S career as a New York City cop dates back to 1903. He rose through the ranks to the grade of Chief Inspector, and in 1934 was appointed Commissioner by Mayor La Guardia.

MORRIS L. ERNST has served as a member of the Banking Board of the State of New York under Governors Roosevelt and Lehman. He is now acting as counsel for the C.I.O. in its Jersey City embroilment over civil liberties.

The **ANONYMOUS** author of "The New Father" describes herself as "still youngish." "Once," she writes, "I was considered quite an authority on child training problems. Now I am actually staying at home and raising my child instead. There is a considerable difference involved!"

ALFRED S. CAMPBELL studied at Princeton, Pennsylvania, and Oxford. Since 1919, with intervals, he has farmed in several States. He is the author of *An Introduction to Country Life* and *Golden Guernsey*.

LINDSAY HOBEN, a veteran newspaperman, has been for the last twelve years with the *Milwaukee Journal*.

WILLIAM S. WEISS graduated from Columbia Law School and began practice in 1911. Forced by illness to retire in 1930, he conceived the idea of the legal clinic he describes in his article.

DAYTON D. MCKEAN, who for some years taught at Princeton University, is now with the English Department at Dartmouth College.

V. F. CALVERTON, founder and Editor of *The Modern Monthly*, is the author of *The Liberation of American Literature*.

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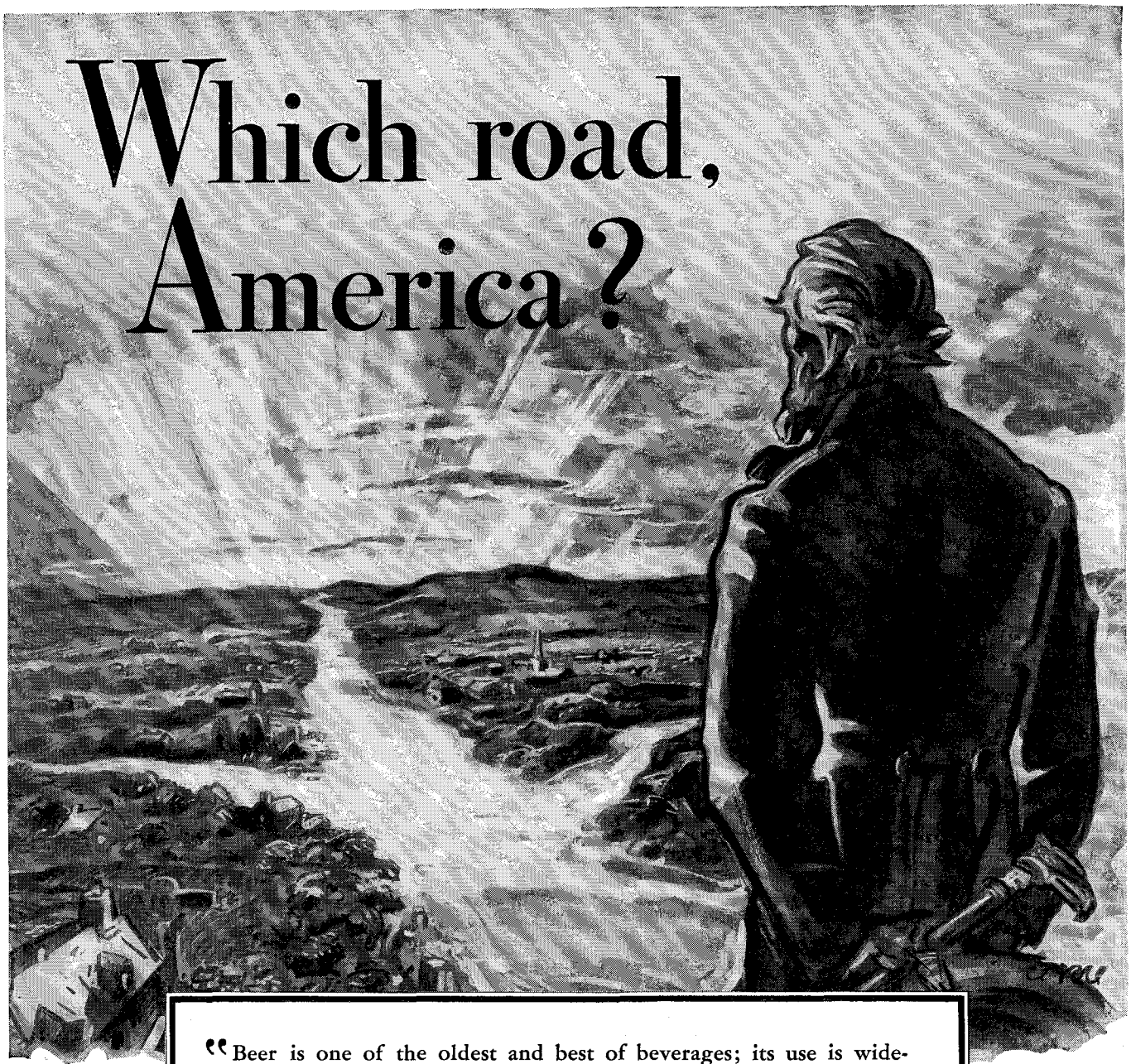
Which road, America?



"Beer is one of the oldest and best of beverages; its use is widespread in every land; it is within the reach of every purse . . . The growth of its use in this country is bound to make for general temperance; for there is nothing more promising to combat the evil of too much alcohol than the opportunity of drinking good beer."

IT IS NOT BLINDLY that we of today must choose our path. Many men before us have travelled each of the three roads...the dead-end road to excess, the harsh road of intolerance, the straight road ahead, which is the way of moderation and sobriety.

From time to time we of the Brewers Foundation plan to submit to you, the people of America, the facts about beer. We will show that beer *does* offer the right way . . . that this beverage is *in fact* the bulwark of moderation, according to the verdict of history, the weight of scientific evidence, and the everyday experience of millions.

And in thus uniting to give you these facts (and also to improve the conditions under which beer is sold at retail) the members of this Foundation believe they will perform a public service of genuine importance—and one which merits your understanding support.

Correspondence is invited from groups and individuals everywhere, interested in maintaining the brewing industry as a bulwark of moderation. Address:

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THE BOOK FORUM

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN — Carl Van Doren (Viking, $3.75).

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON — Hermann Hagedorn (Macmillan, $3.00).

THE MARCH OF LITERATURE — Ford Madox Ford (Dial, $3.75).

THE SECRET LIFE OF A SECRET AGENT — Henry W. Lanier (Lippincott, $2.50).

ZACA VENTURE — William Beebe (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00).

BEAUTY PLUS — Mary MacFayden (Emerson, $1.96).

PATTERNS OF SURVIVAL — John Hodgdon Bradley (Macmillan, $2.25).

LISTEN! THE WIND — Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50).

MUSIC SINCE 1900 — Nicholas Slonimsky (Norton, $4.75).

A COUPLE of hundred years ago a small boy conceived the idea of using a kite as an aid in swimming and, floating on his back, got himself towed a mile across a lake "in a most agreeable manner." Later, become a man and acting as a man and hence not putting away all childish things, he again used a kite. This time he pulled not only himself but mankind a great distance forward in the understanding of electricity.

All that is known of these exploits of Benjamin Franklin and of a thousand other exploits just as ingenious or important Carl Van Doren has assembled in a grand and definitive biography. Every one of his 782 pages is compact and sparkling with the variety and vigor which was this poet, printer, philosopher, bargainer, diplomat, editor, lover, wit, revolutionary, almanacker. Here is the inventor who fashioned pikes for the bayonetless American troops at the very time he sat on the highest councils of the harassed colonies. Here the clubby, charming maneuverer who got much of the foreign aid without which the revolution would have failed.

Still swinging dumbbells for exercise after he was 80, he took part in all the manifold affairs of a life which continued to give him quiet delight. He even lived long enough to help shape the Constitution, mediating throughout the deliberations of the convention — and not attacking the Jews, as the author is at pains to point out, current anti-Semitic propaganda to the contrary. Seldom, indeed, did Franklin attack anything. His mood was one of appreciation, of using, enjoying, planning, expanding. He was a doer, one whose creations flowed out of a reservoir of ability.

He "moved through his world in a humorous mastery of it. . . . Sometimes, with his marvellous range, in spite of her personal tang, he seems to have been more than any single man: a harmonious multitude."

Best of Franklin's biographers, Mr. Van Doren reflects this harmonious multitude with extraordinary ability and grace.

As single-minded as Franklin was versatile, Edwin Arlington Robinson centered his whole industrious life on poetry. He made verses supremely well and, at length, he did find the world rhythmically beating a path to his doorstep. He began to read verse at five, began to write it at eleven; but it took many years and the intercession of the President of the United States before he could support himself by the telling of poetic tales.

His life, most gently and deftly recreated by Hermann Hagedorn in *Edwin Arlington Robinson*, gives all lovers of human personality and poetry something to ponder. How does it happen that a genius, willing and able to entertain the whole world with his mediative, immeasurably beautiful song, can nearly starve? And how did it almost miraculously happen that a young boy caught in Robinson's spell was the son of Theodore Roosevelt, who had the power to become a subsidizer of the arts? The President gave him a post in the customs house, introduced him to a publisher, wrote a critical article in his praise — all this at a time when Robinson spent his soul-killing days as timekeeper on a subway construction job and his hopeless nights haunting the saloons.

Roosevelt's gracious act is now set down by Mr. Hagedorn, who with equal finesse gives us the first full-length portrait of this shy, surprisingly humorous New Englander, a warm, well-written tribute to a major American talent.

A THOROUGHLY delightful and singular volume is *The March of Literature*, in which Ford Madox Ford tells the story of the world's great writing, up to our own times. It must be said that the marching goes a little ragged when he gets close to home; and it would have been a happier book that ended at the twentieth century's swarming borderline. But, when he writes of the more spacious past, Mr. Ford is superb.

In the informal manner of a roving

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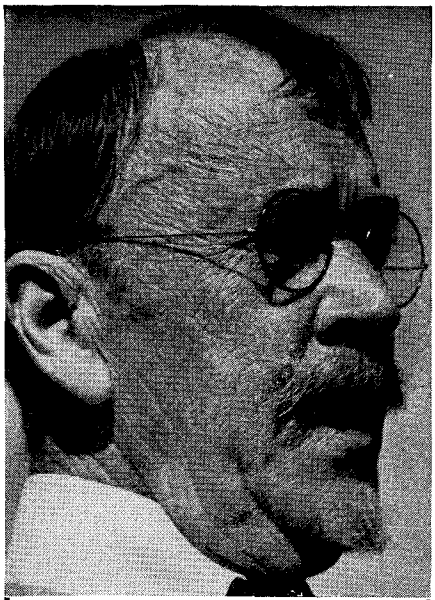

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correspondent, this amiable and immensely learned gentleman makes his way through the ages, dispatching his impressions of the state of letters. It is exactly as if he had just come from a long interview with Herodotus or Chaucer or Lao-tse, so humanly and personally does he extract them from their tenebrous past. Intense attachments or aversions mingle with his often shrewd and objective criticism. He would himself have garroted Cervantes in prison if he could have prevented *Don Quixote*, which he thinks a monstrosity of literary evil. Or he would sacrifice his reputation for some half-forgotten lovely poet of Provence. He gossips of Roman politics, of Shakespeare the businessman; he pokes fun at giants. And he might have been describing himself when he says of Gibbon that the man "writes as if he were throwing at you pieces of his own heart."

SOMEWHERE in his rich past, Henry W. Lanier met an international spy who broke down and told his story. Ghost writing for this anonymous acquaintance, Mr. Lanier has made *The Secret Life of a Secret Agent* a book that will cut in on the sleeping time of the more imaginative mystery addicts.

Though the man's identity is carefully concealed, his exploits and his almost monklike devotion to his work give a vivid picture of his personality. The rebellious scion of a thousand-year-old military family, he gradually found his only emotional release in the most rigorous of discipline — that of the spy, hard in body and indifferent to human life. He became a philosophic adept in the art of buying men and never once did he fail to find the proper price. For less businesslike deals, he carried with him a supply of small poisoned thorns which produced death without detection. Along with his own history, he tells random tales of the activities of others in the grim fraternity. Skillfully Mr. Lanier has drawn out the character of these men who can finally, if they survive, "look back with pride in having done a craftsman's job of dirty work."

THAT genial and tireless explorer, William Beebe, has been to sea again, this time aboard the schooner *Zaca* in waters off Lower California. As always, he has come back with an enchanting bookful of the discoveries plus anecdotes he has a gift for picking up on even the bleakest shore or ladling from the most commonplace lagoon.

In *Zaca Venture*, he assembles the sea and land creatures he met; and a wondrous collection they are. Most of them would not startle the zoologist, many are familiar to the amateur. But what Mr. Beebe reveals about their lives, loves, and

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The Book Forum

looks is as fresh and diverting as if the animal kingdom had only just been created. The mysterious ways of the tuna, which thrives on organisms of the texture and apparent nutritive value of Cellophane; the fish that hums and sheds a yellow light; the dancing albatross — the list alone invites. But Mr. Beebe is also a distinguished turner of phrases, so that the quality of his experiences and his own personality enrich the wonder of his findings.

A SMALL masterpiece of its kind is *Beauty Plus*, by Mary MacFayden. The author, a physician, speaks to womankind in the familiar orthodox language of the best drug and cosmetics advertisers. Her accent is perfect. And she uses it to purvey heresies that should make copy writers tremble for their wares. The telltale words of the reformer mar none of her sound advice on healthful, inexpensive roads to charm. What is more, the ways and means, the concoctions and furbishments she prescribes seem to consume as much agreeable time as do the patent products. The difference is that they make sense. Perhaps not many hardened addicts of pore closers, wrinkle preventers, or figure molders can be entirely won over to her methods, but this is decidedly a book for the young.

YOU believe in evolution, but how does it work? Does it still go on? Why can't you pick up a half-evolved new kind of animal any day at the beach? Why did the oyster keep its grip on life, and the dinosaur perish? Where does man in his strength and his appalling weakness fit into the scheme of nature?

"Answers," says John Hodgdon Bradley, "are usually only new questions in disguise." Nevertheless, his *Patterns of Survival* leads to many stimulating conclusions. Looking back over a billion years, he traces the processes of life through its changes and adaptations and he finds man the only animal still unadjusted to the world. Provided external conditions do not change, cats, for example, have no need or chance to evolve into supercats. But man, with his imperfections and his brains, may still work out something new on the face of the earth. "Self-directed evolution . . . toward some rational and moral goal" is within human possibility, Dr. Bradley believes, and he makes the prospect plausible while still maintaining his professional caution.

IN the summer and fall of 1933, the Lindberghs made a long survey flight testing possible transatlantic air routes. Only ten days of that daring and important trip are recorded in Mrs. Lindbergh's *Listen! the Wind*, but with so great an artistry that you feel yourself sharing the whole six months' adventure.

The scene is two tropical harbors on the African side, just before their final hop to South America. With perfect visibility and the moon exactly right to help them on, they find themselves checkmated by a wind that becomes most humanly perverse. Slapped back again and again under a ceaseless gale, the plane finally escapes, only to be paralyzed in its next landing place for lack of a lifting breeze. Weight must be cast off — gas reserves, extra bootlaces. Not pounds but ounces begin to count. Still no wind, and the moon going to waste night after night. Then, up at last — and across the ocean. Into this brief period of almost unbearable tension Mrs. Lindbergh has concentrated all the sense of danger, the withering uncertainty, the exultation that make up a flyer's life. This is a subtler, more mature book than *North to the Orient* and every bit as winning.

M. L. ELTING

DICTIONARIES and encyclopedias of music are concerned with the historical aspects of the subject from one point of view; Mr. Nicholas Slonimsky's "camera" has a totally different intent. *Music Since 1900* is a day-by-day commentary of important musical events, internally and externally, since the turn of the century. That is, Mr. Slonimsky penetrates behind the news headlines which herald an event and traces the event from its genesis, wherever possible, or from its infant stages. He is as much concerned with the date when a specific composition was begun as with the date of its *première*.

The book is in sections, the sum of which is an amazing tabulation of anything one could want to know about twentieth-century music. First, Mr. Slonimsky states the purpose of his book. Second, he clarifies (thank the Lord), the mud puddle of *isms* in music which infuriate a follower of the trends. Third, he presents his daily calendar. Fourth, he lists every important figure in music since 1900. Fifth, he corrects standing errors in dates of musical personages as they exist in leading histories and dictionaries. Last, he includes articles on Berg, Schoenberg, and the Futurists. It is a wild kaleidoscope of musical information which no student of music history, especially current music history, can afford to be without.

Everything in Mr. Slonimsky's book has its value, but what delights me most is the section clarifying recent movements in music. This alone makes the book indispensable.

A. W. H.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

THE Y.M.C.A.

Our attention has been called to the fact that James V. Taylor in his article, "What's Wrong with the Y.M.C.A.?" in the October FORUM, *neglected to assign credit for certain material he drew from annual yearbooks of the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association. A list of problems facing workers among young people (p. 150) was suggested to the Y.M.C.A. in the 1935–36 yearbook. An outline of a new program for the Y.M.C.A. (p. 152) was quoted in part from the 1936 yearbook.* THE FORUM *regrets the omission of credit and believes it was quite inadvertent on Mr. Taylor's part, in as much as, on page 152, he stated: "In 1937, it [the National Council] went even further, proposing the reforms enumerated, among others."*

THE THOMSON FOUNDATION

Horace Coon, in "Philanthropy from the Grave," published in the July FORUM, *wrote:*

"John Edgar Thomson, onetime president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, left a fund of $2,000,000 to care for the daughters of railroad workers whose fathers had been killed in service on the Pennsylvania. Improved railway engineering and modern safety devices have made it impossible for the Pennsylvania to kill enough employees to make this fund useful. After considerable advertising, 12 girls were found eligible to be helped."

Mrs. Jessie R. Wilson, Director of the John Edgar Thomson Foundation, now writes us to say that Mr. Coon misrepresented the situation:

Many years ago [she concedes] there was quite a lapse in applications for assistance, inasmuch as compensation laws enabled many widows to take care of their children. . . . However, in 1923 the Board of Trustees instituted new policies and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania interpreted Mr. Thomson's will to include the daughters of railroad men who have died of natural causes. . . . At present there are approximately fourteen railroads represented among the beneficiaries.

. . . The Foundation at present is assisting with the maintenance and education of two hundred thirty-four girls. . . . There is a waiting list of approximately one hundred fifty girls which demonstrates that the funds are taxed beyond their capacity.

JOHN SHERMAN'S LETTERS

To the Editor:

In the Library of Congress, at Washington, D. C., is a collection of Sherman papers; but it is sadly lacking in letters written by the late John Sherman. Since he had thousands of correspondents scattered over the United States, many of his letters probably have been preserved in private hands. It is desired to borrow such letters, so that copies may be added to the collection permanently housed in the Library. . . .

John Sherman was an important figure, and anyone who helps to preserve his letters contributes definitely to our national history.

It is hoped that through your columns all those who have letters signed by Sherman may be moved to send copies of them, accurately transcribed, to the Library of Congress for my "attention." If the originals are sent, they will be copied and returned immediately, or added to the preserved collection, according to the wish of the sender. . . .

. . . . . .

JEANETTE P. NICHOLS
The Library of Congress
Washington, D. C.

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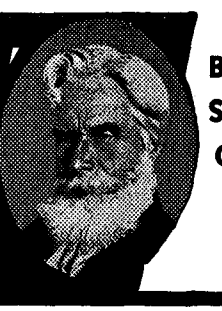

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